

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

SIXPENCE.
WITH SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

UNIVERSAL suffrage has confirmed the President of the French Republic in the perilous sovereignty which has been the aim of his ambition throughout life. As far as the results of the votes of Saturday and Sunday last are known, it would appear that at least three-fourths of the French people have declared themselves in favour of the extension of his powers for the ten years which he has demanded. Such unanimity is remarkable. We in England must cease to look exclusively from an English point of view upon this fact, and the events which will necessarily flow from it, and endeavour to realise to our minds what is the state of the mind of France, that not only acquiesces in the act committed by Louis Napoleon upon the 2d and 3d of December, but positively approves of it by its remarkable vote on the 20th and 21st. Perhaps, in lieu of offering to our readers any speculations written in England upon the phenomena presented by French politics at this time, we shall please them better, and aid them more effectually in forming a judgment upon the causes which have produced a result so singular, and the consequences that will ensue, by laying before them the following letter, written from Paris by a gentleman upon whose impartiality every reliance may be placed, and whose knowledge of France and of Frenchmen is both intimate and extensive. There

must evidently be reasons of which we in this country are not generally aware, why a nation like the French, which has striven so long and so passionately for freedom, and which has given the world so many proofs of its enthusiasm in the cause, should, at this late period of its history, not only accept a noose but actually run its head into it—as if it preferred it—and as if, above all earthly blessings, it most coveted the luxury of having a strong-willed and inflexible master:—

“PARIS, Dec. 23.

“All traces of the late short and sharp struggle have disappeared. The gay city of Paris is even gayer than usual. The Boulevards are crowded with vehicles. The fine weather of Sunday drew immense crowds of holiday folks into the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, and all the other resorts of pleasure-seekers. The theatres are crammed every evening. The funds continue to rise; and those who affect to be in the secret assert that they will yet reach the quotation of 110 before they will either retrograde or remain stationary. Satisfaction is on every countenance. A season beyond all precedent for the brilliancy and number of its *fêtes* is anticipated. The shopkeepers are in high spirits. The prospect of that dearest of all objects, a full till, opens out before them; and though an Englishman, on recalling the events of the last few days of the present month, might see a colour of blood on the pavement, every-

thing wears to the French at this moment that more agreeable tint of crimson, which is known as the ‘*couleur de rose*.’ may perhaps be asked whether this gaiety is not forced; and whether, like a desperate man resolved to have one day’s pleasure before he takes some fatal leap or draught, the Parisians, uncertain of the future, are not determined to make the most of the present moment, and to say, like the fool, ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.’ But as far as I can judge, this is not the real state of the case. Revolutions, like other great things, loom largely when seen from afar off; and the French have a business of pleasure to do which not even street fighting is always allowed to interrupt. There was a new piece at the Opera, and it was a grand success, on the evening of the day on which Louis XVI. was beheaded: and on the night of the 3d of this month, when some very brutal massacres by the soldiers were taking place on the Boulevards, Louis Napoleon was at the French Opera, in the midst of a brilliant and crowded house, to witness the first representation of the new ballet of ‘*Vert, vert*.’ But the present state of public opinion in France seems to be not simply a passive acquiescence in the military rule which Louis Napoleon has established, and which is to last as long as he may consider it necessary, but a palpable satisfaction in being relieved by his act from the painful uncertainties of the last few months. The French know the worst which is to befall them, and they reckon that, if not for ten, at least for two



VISIT OF GENERAL MAGNAN TO THE HOSPITAL OF THE VAL DE GRACE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

or three years, they shall enjoy sufficient repose to attend to their business; and they begin to love their business much better than they love theories of government.

"In fact, as far as I am enabled to judge, the prevalent ideas in the French mind seem to resolve themselves into two. The first is a kind of lassitude bordering upon disgust of politics and of political men. They are weary of revolutions. They have tried every form of government, and every form of government has failed. Nothing is stable, nothing is satisfactory. Liberty has disappointed them, interfered with their business, led to nothing but bloodshed, and just for the novelty they are quite willing to try what the strong hand will do, and to leave theories alone. The second feeling is far more potent with them. It will scarcely be credible in England to what an extent the 'Socialophobia,' if I may coin a word to express the idea, has been carried in France. Socialism is something vague, dreadful, monstrous, and insupportable in the eyes of the middle and upper classes in France. They scarcely know what it means. They make no distinction among the series of sects into which Communism and Socialism may be divided, but lump them all together, conflicting and antagonistic as they are, as the great object of their horror and execration. The most stupid exaggerations of the atrocities committed by bands of Socialists in the provinces are eagerly believed; and the Government, with its eyes open to the importance of the 'phobia,' for its own purposes, takes care to make the most of every incident. The division of the goods of the rich among the poor, community of wives as well as of fortune, robbery, murder—every crime that it is possible to imagine—is put down to the discredit of Socialism; and the unthinking bourgeoisie believes all. Socialism is the great bugbear of France; and weary as the French may be of revolutions, and of theories of human perfectibility—sick at heart as they may feel at continual civil commotion—I am convinced that, had it not been for the panic and horror inspired by the imaginary designs of the Socialists, Louis Napoleon would not have had the votes which have showered upon him. The proclamations upon the walls call upon the French to support 'society,' to save the 'domestic hearth' from 'spoliation and violation,' to rescue 'their wives and daughters' from the much-dreaded Communists; in short, it is a perfect frenzy. Louis Napoleon and his advisers probably know how unreasoning the fear is; but they work it pertinaciously, and have done so for months past—we have seen with what success. The working classes in Paris shrug their shoulders, and give a peculiar smile on reading these and similar proclamations, as much as to say, that whatever truth or falsehood there may be in the allegations against Socialism, the day of the working classes is yet to come. One thing seems tolerably certain, that Louis Napoleon need not fear the working classes at present. All parties, seeing the triumph he has achieved, and the legal authority which has been given him by so many millions of voters, are ready to fold their arms and await events. We shall know in a week or two what kind of a Constitution is to be decreed by the congenial spirits of the Elysee, and how large or how small is to be the amount of liberty to be enjoyed by the French. We shall also see the end of the present provisional Ministry, and whether any of the men of talent, character, and influence in the country will accept the Government as a *Gouvernement de facto*, and in that capacity consent to serve it, if not for its own sake, for the sake of France. We shall also see whether the President will relax in the rigour of his military rule, now that his seat seems secured to him; and whether the army will consent to remain under the odium of having no other and more brilliant work to do than a civil warfare. The position of the President for the next few months will be one of extraordinary difficulty. People will not always be contented to be deprived of the liberty of speech and writing; and the army will yell, like the hounds of Acteon, if it do not get flesh for its tooth in some part of Europe or Africa. *Mais nous verrons.* In the meantime Paris laughs, and sings, and rejoices; and men with small or bad fortunes, and men striving to reach a similar position, rub their hands for satisfaction, and exclaim with the *Constitutionnel*, 'Now we can breathe!'

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

At page 716 we have illustrated what may be termed the official machinery of the President's election. The first engraving shows a long line of voters applying at the Municipality, or *Mairie*, for their voting tickets. The issue commenced on Wednesday week, and continued on Thursday. The crowds at the different places were very great, and of all classes. At first, from the immense number of applicants, some confusion ensued; but order was soon restored, and the issue proceeded in the regularity shown in the illustration. The second illustration shows one of the polling-places, with a number of voters proceeding in the most orderly manner to give their votes.

VISIT OF GENERAL MAGNAN TO THE HOSPITAL OF THE VAL DE GRACE.

THE illustration upon the preceding page shows a pacific incident in the records of the last month in Paris; viz. General Magnan, attended by his staff, proceeding to visit the wounded in the military Hospital of the Val de Grace, which great numbers of persons were injured during the insurrection. The Val de Grace is placed in what was once the most richly-ornamented convent of Paris. It is situated in the Rue St. Jacques; the architecture is by the elder Mansard; the vault of the dome is beautifully painted on stone by Mignard, and is reputed to be one of the finest frescoes in France.

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN MOROCCO.—The *Journal des Débats* borrows from the Spanish *Ministerio de Guerra* the following details relative to the shipwrecked English who have fallen into the hands of Moroccans. At least 100 were extracted from a letter dated Melilla, Nov. 16:—"The English crew are still in the power of the people of Rif; one sailor is dead; whether naturally or not, is unknown. There are five remaining; it is believed that they would speedily be delivered, as a merchant vessel freighted by the English Consul at Malaga had come to convey them to Gibraltar, but the natives have raised their claim, and now demand 200 duros (£40) per head. These poor sailors, since the beginning of their captivity, have slept on the bare ground, which is a great hardship in the present season, and after being deprived of their clothes. Their only food is a coarse kind of *couscous*, very different far from that to which English sailors are accustomed, and which is of no service in enabling them to support the inclemency of the weather."

TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A copy of a treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation, between Great Britain and the Sandwich Islands, signed at Honolulu on the 10th of July last, has just been received. It is one of entire reciprocal freedom, with the exception, as regards navigation, of the coasting trade of the respective countries. British whalers are to enjoy great privileges lately conceded also to those of the United States of entering certain ports in addition to Honolulu and Lahaina, and are to be allowed to trade to the amount of 200 dols. without the payment of duties of any kind. They may also, upon paying the ordinary import or export duties, trade to the extent of 100 dols. per vessel, becoming liable to port charges. A provision is inserted for the surrender of naval or military deserters, which, in consequence of the proximity to California, is not without importance; and there is also a clause for the residence of a British agent, in case there should be any claim for British mail-packet touching at a port of the islands. The ratification of the treaty is to take place by the 10th of May next.

NEW ZEALAND.—A Parliamentary blue book has just been printed, containing a good deal of statistical information respecting New Zealand. Last year the population of the colony was 4047, being an increase of 675 on the preceding year. The actual revenue of the year 1850 was £2306 18s. 6d., and the expenditure £3213 18s. 11d. In 1850 the exports were £7116, being a decrease of 15176 lvs. on the preceding year. It is stated that the decrease had arisen from the increased population consuming the flour which otherwise would have been exported. In 1850 the imports were £17,497 2s. 6d., being an increase of £3295 1s. 6d. on the preceding year. There has been a great increase in the number of acres fenced, cleared, and cultivated last year, compared with 1849. It appears that the principal population within the districts of Wellington, Wairarapa, Otago, Marlborough, and Wairarapa, and the province of New Munster, is 4711, of which number 2965 are Christians. Of those stated to be Christians, 1148 can read and write, and 444 can read only. There are 39 churches and chapels within the province.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 24.

The agitation of politics has not arrested the advance of grand architectural improvements in progress in Paris for a single day. The sum of two millions of francs has been allocated within the last few days for indemnifying the inhabitants of the houses in course of demolition between the Tuilleries and the Hôtel de Ville. In connexion with the union of the two palaces, the Louvre and the Tuilleries, which forms part of this magnificent plan, the long-desired *local* for the annual exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture has at length been determined upon. It is to occupy the new gallery about to be constructed, extending from the Rue de Rivoli to that part of the Louvre which forms the wing corresponding to the entrance of the museum. This wing, which must be familiar to every visitor to Paris from its ruinous unsightly appearance, having been commenced under the Empire, and which it is not intended to finish, and form the entrance of the modern gallery, which will join that part of the Tuilleries at present used as a barracks, and form the north side of the Place du Carrousel. The architecture and decorations will match that of the opposite gallery facing the Seine. The Place du Carrousel is to be considerably lowered, so as to give the arcade opening to the river side also a level of terrace, which it is intended to raise to the entrance of the Louvre, facing the Place du Carrousel. It is to be reached by flights of steps, and decorated with vases and statues. Judging from the plans, these improvements, when completed, bid fair to render the Place du Carrousel one of the most magnificent palatial courts in Europe.

Among the other architectural ornaments of the capital, the intended renovation of the Church of St. Geneviève (the Pantheon) must not be forgotten. This splendid temple, which has just been restored to the service of religion, for which it was originally raised, dedicated to St. Geneviève, is even more interesting from the historical facts connected with it, than from the magnificence of its architecture and the splendour of its internal decorations. The first Christian church built in Paris was constructed in the immediate vicinity of the present edifice at the commencement of the fourth century, in the reign of Clovis, whose body, together with that of his patron saint, St. Geneviève, was deposited in the church. The church was again renovated under the reigns of Charles VIII. and Henry IV., and was finally demolished in 1677. The present edifice, designed by Soufflot, was commenced in the middle of the last century, but was not terminated until the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI., when the old church of St. Geneviève was abandoned, and its denomination, with its shrines and other sacred insignia of the faith, transferred to the present building. It was desecrated by the sanguinary mobs of 1793, when it was converted into a Temple of Reason, and a last resting-place for great men—the ignoble Marat being there interred by the side of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Napoleon, in 1806, restored it to its religious purposes, and it remained "l'Eglise St. Geneviève" until 1830, when it was again deprived of its sacred character, in obedience to the short and popular frenzy of that day. Great embellishments were added by the late king, who made it a temple to receive the remains of great men, and which he had in view in the service of their country—a step that cost that monarch the goodwill of the clergy, which he never afterwards failed to regain. The whole cost of the building is set down at 35,000,000 francs—a sum which will be considerably increased by the renovation it is now about to undergo; and which, it is said, will render it one of the most splendid churches in France.

I must not part with architecture without mentioning that an enterprising Venetian has constructed a house near Cliehy entirely of felt, the only material used being old hats, of which 80,000 were required for the construction. The architect declares that his house is more warm, more secure, and altogether superior to any dwelling of the same size in Europe.

Some sensation has been excited here among the English residents by a report of Mr. Flynn, who died here a few days since, having "by his will and testament," left to the celebrated Countess de Boccador the whole of his fortune. His family have, however, instituted preliminary proceedings, to have the testament annulled on the ground of lunacy.

The celebrated Guasco has appeared at the Italian Opera in Verdi's "Ernani," and though he came out at a moment the most unfavourable, in the very midst of the din and tumult of insurrection, was at once recognised as one of the greatest vocalists of the age, and which, in the service of his country—a step that cost that monarch the goodwill of the clergy, which he never afterwards failed to regain. The whole cost of the building is set down at 35,000,000 francs—a sum which will be considerably increased by the renovation it is now about to undergo; and which, it is said, will render it one of the most splendid churches in France.

Mlle. Rachel has made her *reprise* at the Français in her best character, *Camille*, in Corneille's "Horace." Though the great tragedian was unable to excite interest in Italy—for a decided failure the excursion is stated on all sides to have been—her enthusiastic reception at home must have afforded ample compensation for the wounds of her *amour propre*. Her impersonation of *Camille* was grand beyond description; and, though her reputation is cooled by a moment, which the *incidents* at its height, every corner of the theatre was crammed. She has since appeared in Scribe's drama, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in which she also performed well—but it is not Rachel: the part is not of sufficient force to call forth her genius; besides which, the long dying scene with which the play closes is simply a distressing display of physical sufferings, fitter for the *Porte St. Martin* than the Français. A sister of Mlle. Rachel, the *St. Germain*, engaged at a moment, which the *Odéon* has been assessing several characters in the highest order of comedy. Her performance has just that degree of merit that you cannot find anything in it positively to censure, but it contains, unfortunately, nothing to make one forget either the actress or the stage. Some of our critics, however, always remembering she is the sister of the Rachel, are exuberant in their praises, and are doing their best to spoil her with self-conceit.

FRANCE.

The election of Prince Louis Napoleon as supreme head of the Executive may be regarded as a *fait accompli*; for, although the official returns of the number of votes in his favour or against him have not yet been made up, and will not be completed prior to Tuesday or Wednesday next, yet sufficient has become known as to the main result of the examination of the electoral returns to show that the vast majority of the nation, in fact, nine-tenths of the electors, have availed themselves of the restored right of universal suffrage to pronounce in favour of his assuming the chief office in the State for the next ten years, and undertaking the herculean task of giving a practical and working political constitution to France.

The returns from all parts of the country, including also the metropolis, as far as they are yet known, show that 1,095,540 electors have voted in the affirmative, or for Louis Napoleon, while only 50,000 have voted in the negative, or against him. This extraordinary success surpasses the anticipations of the most ardent adherents of the Elysee.

The *Times* correspondent notices some curious specimens of comment, auditory and otherwise, which have been found attached to several of the voting tickets. He says—

Nearly 1500 of these tickets have been annulled, in consequence of their containing remarks condemnatory or eulogistic of the President, without speaking of votes of all kinds. Some of these comments have been found to be of a mischievous character. For instance, in one section of the sixth *arrondissement* a vote, the following effect was found—'Non! from hatred to capitalism, from respect for legality from contempt for Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the Republic.' 'Oui! Under the pressure of the state of siege, from fear of bayonets, and for the death of French honour.'

In a section of the seventh *arrondissement* others were found to this effect:—'Non! because the Constitution has been unconstitutionally violated by a General of intoxicated soldiers.' 'Non! because Bonaparte committed, on the 2d of December, the greatest of crimes.' 'Non! because to say 'Oui' would be to ap-

prove of pillage, robbery, and assassination.' 'Non! because I wish for the maintenance of the Republic, and the development of its institutions.' 'Non! because, for the satisfaction of justice, Bonaparte and his accomplices ought to be capitally punished.'

In the same section, however, were found tickets of another description. One of the words 'Oui' written or printed in large letters were the words 'Louis Bonaparte, the friend of humanity. He will save France from the brigands of Socialism.' On another, equally large, were—'Vive Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—the man who has saved us; and may he soon be our Emperor!'

In a section of the twelfth *arrondissement* was found one with a still more lengthened comment than any yet noticed; thus—'Non! in the name of family, of religion, and of property. In the name of family, for France cannot be ruled by a— (Here follows an indecent expression.) In the name of religion, for France cannot be governed by those who have sold their oaths. In the name of property, for France cannot be governed by those who pay no regard to that of their neighbours. Non!'

In the same *arrondissement* about a hundred tickets, I am assured, were found alternately caustic and laudatory; for instance, 'Oui! that Bonaparte may be always governed by those who have sold their oaths. Heaven protect our Prince.' 'He has saved France.' 'Long live the Emperor Napoleon and his nephew!' On some were found merely 'A bas Ratapoli,' but without either the affirmative or negative monosyllables, 'Ratapoli' is a creation of the *Cherwell*, and was supposed by those who found it to be the name of the military qualities of the Society of the Dix-Deux. All these and similar tickets were set aside, and they appeared to produce rather an unpleasant effect on the numerous persons present.

There is a singular dearth of news on all other topics, as though the all-important question of the Presidential election had absorbed everything else, and stood out alone, in bold relief, the great fact of the week.

Several decrees have been issued during the week, by which the organisation of the gendarmerie throughout the entire country has been modified, and fifteen generals of brigade, twenty colonels, and various lieutenant-colonels in the army have been promoted to the next superior rank.

The ex-representatives, MM. Duvergier de Hauranne and Bixio and General Layet, lately confined at St. Pélagie, were set at liberty on Monday.

M. Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King Jerome, it is understood, has acceded to an intimation sent him, on the part of his cousin, the President, to leave France, and has quitted Paris for London. M. J. Favre has also taken his passport for a foreign country.

A new law of the press is spoken of, which, if its rumored provisions are carried out, will be found a very restrictive one, and not likely to promote the freedom of the press, as is presently the case. It is said that it will repeal all existing laws on the subject, and will enact as follows:—

Every editor of a journal at present in existence, or to be published in future, will be bound to deposit security money to the amount of 200,000f. (40,000l.), which in case of conviction may be increased to 400,000f.

The Executive Power will reserve to itself the right to suspend the publication of any journal in which the suspension may appear necessary.

Offences of the press are no longer to be submitted to a jury. Special tribunals are to be constituted for that purpose.

Offences of the press are to be classed in three catalogues:—

1st. An attack on the President and on the principle of Government.

2d. Exciting hatred among citizens.

3d. An attack on religion, family, or property.

Each of those offences may be punished by imprisonment for five years, by transportation for 30 years, and by a fine of from 5000f. to 100,000f.

The President has terminated the draft of the Constitution. He asked the advice of several persons, it is said, on various points; but it is himself alone who has drawn it up, and M. de Persigny who has copied it. It is to be presented immediately after the proclamation of the result of the vote for the Presidential election.

SPAIN.

We learn from Madrid, by telegraphic despatch, that the Queen Isabella was delivered of a Princess on the 20th inst.

PORTUGAL.

Accounts from Lisbon, dated the 18th inst., state that the Queen opened the Cortes on the 15th. In a speech which promised reforms, retrenchments, a railroad to Spain, and other improvements. Representations from the fundholders and the Bank proprietors had been addressed to her Majesty, but apparently with little success.

The news of the late French Revolution appears to have given great satisfaction to most of the Portuguese.

UNITED STATES.

We have accounts from New York to the 9th inst. The triumphant entry of Kosuth into New York on Saturday, the 6th inst., is almost the only subject noticed in the advices by this arrival.

Kosuth landed at Castle Garden at twelve o'clock, and immediately the procession entered New York. It consisted of twelve regiments of militia, and carriages containing the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of New York, several members of the New York Legislature, the heads of departments of the state, senators and members of Assembly, of the State, officers of the army and navy of the United States, joint special committee of the Common Council, the Board of Aldermen, Recorder, City Judge, and District Attorney, and members of the bar.

In the streets through which the procession passed various devices of welcome were displayed, and the enthusiasm of the crowds by which they were flanked was unbounded. Kosuth was subsequently present at a review in the Park, and in the course of the afternoon briefly addressed large assemblages from the balcony of his hotel.

The *New York Herald* thus speaks of the "demonstration":—

The reception of Kosuth by the city of New York, on Saturday, was a spectacle of the most imposing character. The scene on the Bay, on Castle Garden, on the battery, in the park, and for three miles along Broadway—the banners, and the arches, and the grand procession, the thunder of the cannon and the shouting of the whole population—were a panorama of something for the recollection of a lifetime. At two o'clock there were not less probably than two hundred and fifty thousand people in and near Broadway. The moral effect of this pageant will be felt throughout this vast Republic, throughout the Continent, and throughout the world. It is the first grand response of the people, the sovereign people, the free, independent, generous, and powerful people of the United States, to the principles of Republicanism, of which Kosuth is the exponent and the champion. There appeared to be a general knowledge in the multitude that the moral effect of this reception was destined to tell upon the popular mind across the Atlantic; and that Austria, Russia, and even France, would feel the weight of the rebuke against them of "the young giant of America." The movement, thus begun, will doubtless be followed up, and it is possible that the influence of American enthusiasm may rebound with stunning effect upon the stumbling elements of revolutions in Europe.

On the following Sunday and Monday Kosuth did not appear in public, but his meetings were held, and to make arrangements for his return, which it is supposed to invite him to, and for the presentation of addresses.

The President's son and private secretary, Mr. P. Fillmore, had waited upon Kosuth at the Irving House, on the day of his arrival. Mr. Fillmore said he had called to pay his respects to the Governor of Hungary, now the guest of the city of New York. His father, the President, would be pleased to see and welcome him at the seat of Government, and desired to know when it was his intention to be in Washington. Kosuth replied that his movements were uncertain, and it was somewhat doubtful whether he should go to Washington at all. The course of the United States Senate in reference to his visit there made his situation far from agreeable, and himself undetermined in his intentions; and Mr. Fillmore was politely informed that circumstances would govern his future actions in regard to visiting Washington, and probably his return to his country. Kosuth also, in a private conversation, alluded to the indecision of the Senate in not having come to any vote as to his being publicly received by Congress. He seems to have felt very sore on the subject, for in reply to the address of a deputation from Philadelphia he observed:—

I must confess that I have received here in New York, such a manifestation of the sympathy of the people as gives me hope and consolation; still I regard myself invited to this country by an act of Congress initiated in the Senate. Now, as I know that the same place would have been the same body would not decline to bid me welcome, I would have thought that I was not a welcome guest; so much the more as the President of the United States has formally invited the Congress in his message to consider what steps are to be taken to receive him to such a place, and I, a private citizen, coming with me of the same body in which now a resolution of no further political tendency—the simple resolution to bid me welcome—was withdrawn, on account of an expected opposition. Under such circumstances I would not have wished to intrude.

In the Senate, at Washington, on the 8th, Mr. Seward introduced his resolution to receive Kosuth to the nation and the capital. He asked that it be read a second time now, with the purpose of acting on it. Mr. Shields, of Illinois, introduced to resolution, which he intended to move as an amendment to Mr. Seward's resolution, to the effect that a committee of three senators be appointed by the Chair to introduce Louis

[illegible]



ENGLISH AND FRENCH STEAMERS IN THE HARBOUR OF GONAÏVE, HAYTI.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

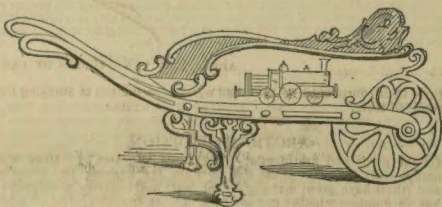
RAILROADS IN CANADA.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE ONTARIO, SIMCOE, AND HURON RAILROAD, IN TORONTO.

The inhabitants of the frozen and hitherto imperfectly understood region of Canada have not, until very recently, availed themselves, to the extent which has been within their power, of those estimable advances in the general progress of public improvement which the people of the neighbouring Republic have made. With the boundless resources of a country, the fertility of whose soil is proverbial, and enjoying the succour and support of the mother country, the people of Canada, composed of a mixture of race from all nations, would appear to have been hitherto absorbed in the idea of individual gain in whatever position of life fortune or the force of circumstances might happen to have placed them. Individuality has been the active and paramount feeling, to the exclusion of others and those of a more extended nature, at all times necessary to be cultivated in a new and thriving colony. It is true that clearings in the immense forests of Canada have been made to a great extent; towns and cities have arisen; canals have been dug; and other public works have been commenced, and some completed, at an enormous expense to the colony, without yielding in return an advantage commensurate with the outlay, from the circumstance of their not being adapted to the peculiar wants and requirements of the different sections of the country in which such works have been constructed. At length, however, the spirit of public enterprise appears to have burst forth, and Canada will, no doubt, at an early period, present to the world satisfactory proof that she participates in the feeling of all the nations of Europe, that railroads are indispensably necessary to keep pace with the rapid increase of the commerce, population, intelligence, and wealth of the colony.

The accompanying Engraving is gratifying evidence of this fact. It shows the ceremony on the occasion of turning the first sod of the "Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railroad," on the 15th of November last, which line of road is intended to connect Lakes Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron by a direct communication northward from Toronto, now a central point of travel and traffic. The company was incorporated by

act of the provincial Parliament, 12 Vic. cap. 199, and received the Royal assent of her Majesty in Council, 29th of August, 1849. Its capital is £500,000; and the length of the projected road is about seventy-five miles, through a most fertile section of the province, abounding with well-cultivated farms of great extent, and wanting only facilities for the cheap and expeditious transport of their immense produce to market.

The ceremony of breaking ground for this road was characterised by



RAILWAY WHEELBARROW.

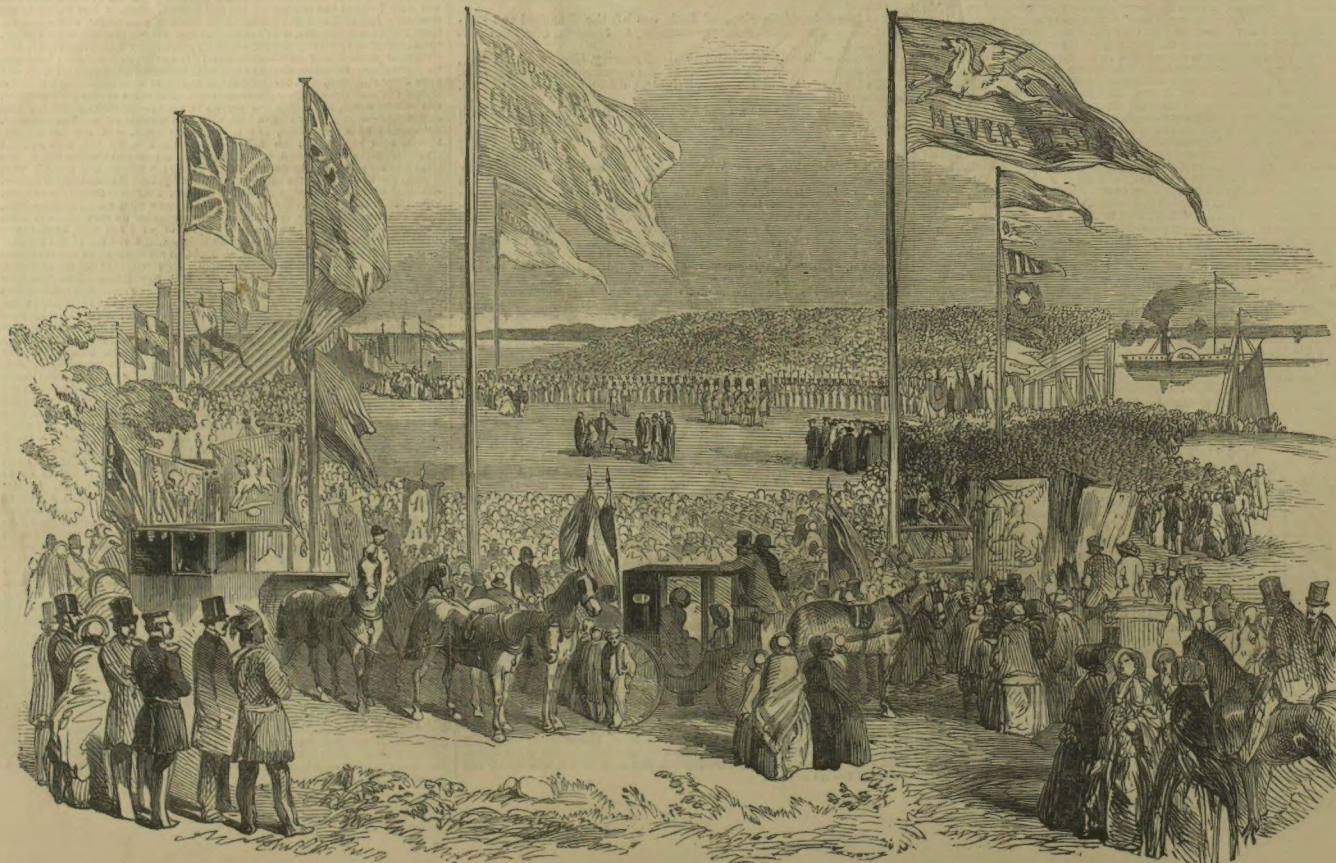


SILVER SPADE.

a degree of enthusiasm on the part of the public, which, on no other occasion, can be found on the records of the history of Canada. The weather was fortunately fine, and the day was ushered in with the music of bands of surrounding townships, whose societies and public companies had turned out on the occasion, as well as those of the city and the garrison.

By previous arrangement made with his Excellency the Governor-General, it was pretty generally understood that his amiable consort, the Countess of Elgin, would honour the company by turning the first sod; and the attendance of elegantly-dressed persons to witness the ceremony was very numerous.

Their Excellencies and suites were escorted from Elmsley House to the ground by a guard of honour, and on their arrival they were received by the directors of the company; the president, the Honourable Henry John Roalson, M.P.E., conducting Lady Elgin to an elegant pavilion erected for her reception. At this moment a Royal salute was fired from the garrison; the band on the ground, the 71st Highland Light Infantry, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hugh Dalrymple, playing the National Anthem. The cheering having subsided, the mayor of the city, John G. Bowes, Esq., as the representative of the civic body of Toronto, read to his excellency the address of the directors of the company and the city council, to which his Excellency replied. The silver spade, prepared for the occasion, was then presented to her Ladyship by Major D. F. De Witt, one of the engineers of the company, and the ornamental wheelbarrow was presented by Milton Courtwright, Esq., one of the enterprising contractors for making the road. The Countess of Elgin then raised the first sod, and throwing it into the wheelbarrow, it was wheeled a short distance by the Governor-General, and then turned over, amid the most enthusiastic cheers. Shortly after the ceremony, his Excellency and suite took their departure from the ground, and the different societies, forming themselves in the order in which they came, followed soon after to their respective places of assembly. Thus, without the slightest annoyance or interruption, or any casualty of any kind, terminated the celebration of breaking ground of the Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railroad, an event of the highest importance to the city of Toronto and Western Canada, and which it is hoped is only the forerunner of many more of a similar character.



COMMENCEMENT OF THE ONTARIO, SIMCOE, AND HURON RAILWAY BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ELGIN.

THE APTERYX,

IN THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

Among the recent discoveries in Zoology, there is scarcely a more astonishing fact than the revelation of the ancient bird life in New Zealand, which has been made and recorded in the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," and in some similar works to which Professor Owen and Dr. Mantell have contributed the result of their correspondence with that country. The researches of the first-named eminent physiologist, who, from the view of a single bone, originally conjectured the existence of those gigantic species which he has since described with such felicity, have established the truth that at least ten species of wingless birds now extinct or nearly extinct formerly inhabited the islands of New Zealand in considerable numbers; that they differed essentially from any of the five ostrich-like birds which are now found in America, Africa, Australia, or the Indian Archipelago; that they not only existed within the era of man's appearance on those islands, but that their destruction was of comparatively recent date, if it in truth really is the fact that the whole of the Moas have been exterminated and inhabit the earth no longer.

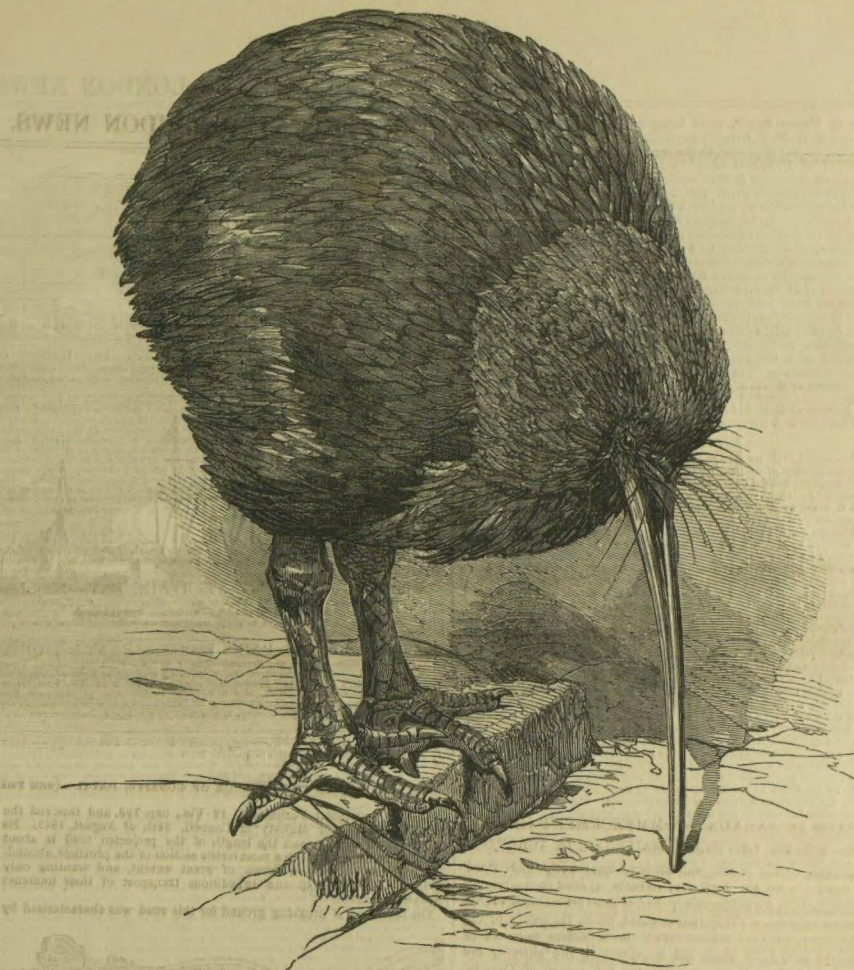
Allied to, and contemporary with, the Moas, were the birds belonging to the genus *Apteryx*, of which at least three are still found in New Zealand. These birds, generally known under the native name of Kiwi, are entirely nocturnal in their habits, and probably are indebted to that circumstance for the existence which they still maintain in spite of all the dangers which surround it.

For a long time after its first discovery and its early description by Dr. Shaw, the *Apteryx australis* remained a very rare bird in museums; so much so, that, at one time, nothing but the production of the original specimen (which still exists in the museum at Knowsley) would convince some of the foreign *seems* that such an anomalous form actually existed.

As discoveries increased, it became more and more important to scientific men to obtain such illustration of the habits of the apparently extinct birds of New Zealand as comparison with the Kiwi could afford; and various attempts have accordingly been made to bring living specimens to Europe. It was reserved, however, for Capt. Erskine, R.N., of H.M.S. *Havannah*, to succeed in this attempt, and he has now, perhaps, rendered one of the most interesting services to physiology which can be imagined, by bringing the first living specimen of this rare and most singular bird, this link, as it were, between the present and the dim past of a great Polynesian creation of which New Zealand was the last abiding-place.

The habits of the *Apteryx* are, as we have said, strictly nocturnal. During the day the bird stands or sits sleeping and motionless; as twilight comes on his energies revive, and during the whole night, apparently, he searches actively for food, and travels rapidly from place to place in a singular shambling but not unrapid gait. When by chance the bird is compelled to change his attitude from the perpendicular to an oblique direction, he appears to be constrained to support himself by the beak in addition to his feet. This organ, which is not less singularly constituted than the other parts of his structure, is peculiarly adapted to serve this purpose, by its hard and bony texture towards the point. Imperfect vision during day is compensated for by an extraordinary development of the olfactory nerves, and the apparently anomalous position of the nostrils, which are perforated at the very end of the beak. As the *Apteryx* plunges deeply into the loose earth in search of food, its powers of perception must be vastly increased by this disposition of so important an organ; and it is not difficult to understand how effectively he must clear every place which the bird inhabits. Its most favourite food since its arrival in this country is earthworms, of which it devours a considerable number nightly. A writer in the *Literary Gazette* has compared the first aspect of this bird to that of a quadruped. The texture of the feathers, the colour, and the crouching attitude in which it habitually reposes, certainly remind one of a hedgehog. Its means of defence appear to be its sharp claws, which it uses with freedom and activity, kicking in the fashion of a cassowary.

The liberality and zeal of Lieut.-Governor Eyre led him to procure and to transmit to the Society, in the care of Captain Erskine, this rare addition to the rich collection which the Zoological Society have with such laudable perseverance now pushed to a height which seems to render nothing impossible to them. The long list of donations from other sources which figure in a Report now before us gives most gratifying evidence of the rapidly increasing desire to support this popular institution; and we cannot but applaud the enlightened and liberal conduct of gentlemen in the position of Lieut.-Governor Eyre and Captain Erskine, who use the advantages at their command in distant regions for the promotion of knowledge among their countrymen at home. There is no spot on the earth's surface, of the same extent, which affords more interesting subject for zoological inquiry than the islands of New Zealand; and it is now to be hoped that the success which has attended this attempt to present to Europeans one of the wingless types so characteristic of the Fauna of that region, will induce Mr. Eyre and other eminent friends of science there to con-



APTERYX IN THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S-PARK.

tinue their efforts until we have had equal opportunities of studying the whole of them.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Or the perils and providential deliverances witnessed by "those who occupy their business" in the waters of the Icy Regions, Dr. Scoresby and others have given many vivid and truly heart-stirring descriptions; but we question whether any instance of more frightful peril, or more merciful and providential deliverance, is upon record than that which recently, in the late Arctic expedition, happened to H. M. S. *Intrepid*,

Lieut. J. B. Cator, R.N., lately promoted to the rank of Commander. The ship was forced upon an iceberg, where she was held for twenty hours, on and off, in a state of anxious suspense, which can be more easily conceived than described. The Commander of H. M. S. *Pioneer*, Lieut. Osborne, with the Commodore on board, watched her for eight hours, without being able to render her the least assistance, and, as we have been informed, the latter has publicly stated, that, "if he had been within reach, he should have ordered her commander to abandon the ship for the sake of the ship's company," so hopeless seemed the possibility of her escape.

Commander J. B. Cator, not many days after passing his examination



H. M. ARCTIC STEAM-VESSEL "INTREPID" DRIVEN FORTY FEET UP AN ICEBERG, IN RAFFIN'S BAY.

Now ready, price 1s.

upon his life and retention of power as one security for the intimate prevalence of temperate and wise freedom throughout Europe. But Lord Palmerston is young in spirit—his energies are unimpaired, and he is in the position, if he so will,

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Amongst the items of expenditure, as sanctioned by votes of Parliament, the Woods and Forests, are—Public buildings and Royal palaces, £98,711 16s.; Ordnance-office, Pall-Mall, £7000 2s. 6d.; Buckingham Palace improvements, £5175 19s. 7d.; temporary Houses of Parliament, £2293 4s. 10d.; new Houses of Parliament, £113,825 3s. 6d.; Nelson Monument, £1326 1s. 10d.; Ambassador's house at Constantinople, £7614 14s. 7d.; Windsor Town improvements, £21,781 9s. 9d.; New Forest drainage, £1118 2s. 2d. The account is up to the 31st of March, 1851.



BERRY LANE.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "BARLEQUIN HODGE'S; OR, THE TWO LONDON 'PANTIES'."



FINCH.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "BARLEQUIN HODGE'S; OR, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND THE KING OF BARLEQUIN."



CITY OF LONDON.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "OLIVER CROMWELL; OR, BARLEQUIN HODGE'S; OR, THE KING OF BARLEQUIN."



DAYTON.—SCENE FROM THE FAIRY BURLESQUE OF THE "PRINCE OF HAPPY LAND; OR, THE FAIRY IN THE FOREST."



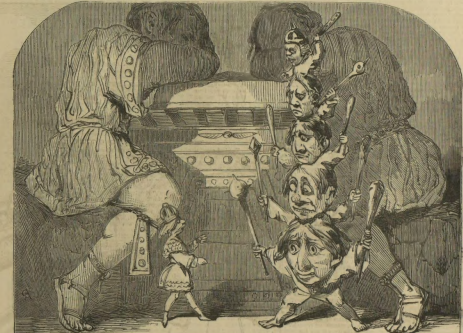
ADDI-FUL.—SCENE FROM THE CHRISTMAS TALE OF "LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."



ASHLEY.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "MR. AND MRS. BONGO; OR, THE KING OF BARLEQUIN."



LYCOM.—SCENE FROM THE "PRINCE OF HAPPY LAND; OR, THE FAIRY IN THE FOREST."



BARLEQUIN HODGE'S.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "BARLEQUIN HODGE'S; OR, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND THE KING OF BARLEQUIN."



FINCH.—SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "THE KING OF THE GOLDEN SEA; OR, BARLEQUIN HODGE'S; OR, THE KING OF BARLEQUIN."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the new suspension-bridge at Chelsea an advance of £120,000 has been authorised by the Public Works Commissioners.

that the games of celebrated masters occupy a considerable time, weak players are deluded into the idea, that, if they can only *waste* (I can use no milder word) several hours in an attempt to catch a stray pawn or in some equally valuable em-

* The limitation of speaking in the Albanian courts of justice, by the use of the clepydra, is likewise deserving of notice.

* The limitation of speaking in the Albanian courts of justice, by the use of the alepydra, is likewise deserving of notice.

* The limitation of speaking in the Albanian courts of justice, by the use of the *clapaydra*, is likewise deserving of notice.

R O Y A L A C A D E M Y P R I Z E S.

On Wednesday, the 10th inst., was held the 83d anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts. After the election of the various officers for the ensuing year, the President, Sir C. L. Eastlake, proceeded to the distribution of awards to the successful candidates in the several classes or schools of the Academy.

It is the custom of the Academy to give silver medals (accompanied with copies of lectures and discourses by former eminent professors) for the best productions in the classes of drawing and modelling from the life and antique, painting, and architecture; in addition to which, every second year, gold medals are given for the best original compositions in historical painting, sculpture, and architecture. We give Engravings from the works which were successful on this occasion.

The subject of the historical painting prize is "Delilah asking forgiveness of Samson." It has been well treated by Mr. W. S. Burton, in a symmetrical composition. The portions are agreeably arranged, giving due prominence to the principal figure, Samson, which is well drawn, and conveys the idea of immense strength, without coarseness or vulgarity of form; while in the strong man's countenance the expressions of both mental and bodily suffering are well combined. The other figures, together with the accessories—the rocky foreground, the rough old fir-trees, with their tangled and fibrous roots—are in harmony with the scene; while the calm surface of the sea forms an appropriate distance to the whole.

The group of prize sculpture, "Mercy interceding for the Vanquished," is a promising composition, though, perhaps, somewhat wanting in vigour. It is the production of Mr. C. Summers, who, though scarcely three years in the Academy, has also received silver medals for modelling from the antique and from the living model—a success which is sufficient evidence of his industry and talent.

The architectural composition, "A Design for a Marine Palace," is by Mr. J. Robinson. The plan comprehends a quadrangle of about 500 feet square, which is entered from the north, under an arcade flanked on either side by a campanile tower, the centre being laid out with fountains, statues, &c. The principal entrances from the quadrangle are under the east and west sides. The front shown in the View faces the south, and contains the state apartments; the west wing forming the Royal apartments; the other sides of the Palace are occupied by the apartments of the household, the chapel, the theatre, guardhouse, picture-gallery, museums, &c.

The design of the *portico* is in the Palladian school of Italian architecture. The semicircular terrace shown in the south front, facing the sea, has beneath it a covered arcade, the rusticated basement of which forms the sea wall. In the centre of the bay enclosed by the terrace the water flows through a bold arched way, forming under cover a state entrance to the Palace from the sea.

All were extremely gratified (says a correspondent of the *Builder*) to hear from the lips of the President of the Royal Academy, when the prizes were distributed, the compliment paid by Sir C. Eastlake to the talent of the unsuccessful architectural stu-



SCULPTURE.—"MERCY INTERCEDING FOR THE VANQUISHED."—BY CHARLES SUMMERS.

dent, who missed the prize because he had not climbed to the top of Bow spire to measure the actual height of the uppermost feature of the composition. He said it was the unanimous opinion of all the archi-

tectural members, that a more beautiful set of drawings had never been submitted for the silver medal. The refusal of the Council was wise and just not to admit into the competition one who had not fulfilled the strict letter of the conditions—to make the drawings from actual admeasurement; and all must lament the want of energy, determination, and spirit which induced the student to fall short of his duty. It is said, however, that, by a curious chance, there was a great variety in the proportions of those who had measured the spire, and he was the mean between their extremes.

The following is the entire list of prizes:—

To Mr. William S. Burton—For the best historical painting, the gold medal and a discourse of the President West.

To Mr. Charles Summers—For the best group in historical sculpture, the gold medal and a discourse of the President West.

To Mr. John Robinson—For the best architectural design, the gold medal and a discourse of the President West.

To Mr. Francis Clark—For the best painting from the life in the Life School, the silver medal.

To Mr. John Bagnold Burgess—For the best drawing from the life, the silver medal and the lectures of the Professors Fuseli, Howard, and Flaxman.

To Mr. George Edward Tuson—For the next best drawing from the life, the silver medal.

To Mr. James Luntley—For the next best drawing from the life, the silver medal.

To Mr. Charles Summers—For the best model from the life, the silver medal and the lectures of the Professors Fuseli, Howard, and Flaxman.

To Mr. John Thomas Christopher—For the best drawings of the tower and spire of Bow Church, Chesham, the silver medal and the lectures of the Professors Fuseli, Howard, and Flaxman.

To Mr. James Rowley—For the next best drawings of the tower and spire of Bow Church, Chesham, the silver medal.

To Mr. Henry Saxon Saell—For the next best drawings of the tower and spire of Bow Church, Chesham, the silver medal.

To Mr. George Edward Tuson—For the best copy made in the School of Painting, the silver medal and the lectures of the Professors Fuseli and Howard.

To Mr. William Cooper—For the next best copy made in the School of Painting, the silver medal.

To Mr. William Oliver Williams—For the best drawings from the antique, the silver medal and the lectures of the Professors Fuseli and Howard.

To Mr. Douglas Yeoman Blakiston—For the next best drawings from the antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. George Herbert Bacon—For the next best drawings from the antique, the silver medal.

Which was concluded with an address from the President to the students.

The general assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Charles Lock Eastlake was unanimously re-elected President.



HISTORICAL PAINTING.—"DEILAH ASKING FORGIVENESS OF SAMSON."—BY WILLIAM J. BURTON.



ROYAL ACADEMY PRIZE.—ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN (MARINE PALACE).—BY JOHN ROBINSON.

Council.—New List.—Messrs. Thomas Creswick, Richard Redgrave, Francis Grant, and Charles Robert Leslie.

Old List.—Messrs. Philip Hardwick, David Roberts, Charles Barry, and Clarkson Stanfield.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—New List.—Messrs. Charles West Cope, William Dyce, Solomon Alexander Hart, Patrick MacDowell, and Richard Redgrave.

Old List.—Messrs. William Mulready, Daniel Maclise, Charles Robert Leslie, and Thomas Webster.

Visitors in the School of Painting.—New List.—Messrs. George Jones, Charles Landseer, William Mulready, and Clarkson Stanfield.

Old List.—Messrs. Charles Robert Leslie, John Rogers Herbert, Solomon Alexander Hart, Daniel Maclise, and William Frederick Witherington.

Auditors re-elected.—Mr. William Mulready, Sir Richard Westmacott, and Mr. Charles Barry.

The next Annual Exhibition of the Fine Arts at Paris is to take place on the 15th March. Paintings, sculpture, &c., are to be sent to the Palais National in that city, from the 1st to the 15th February. The productions of foreigners will be received.—*Literary Gazette.*

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE BUILDING SOCIETY OF BERLIN.—Prince Albert, having been elected honorary member of the Building Society of Berlin, has written the following letter, acknowledging the compliment, to the Prince of Prussia, the patron of the society:—"Your Royal Highness, I have received the notification of the 20th of November, signed by your Royal Highness as patron of the Berlin Building Society, with great satisfaction, and thank you sincerely for the contents. I shall consider myself fortunate in being named a member of a society that has been so successfully active on a field

that on this side the Channel has also been cultivated with so much activity for the advantage of the working classes, and for which I have for several years felt a special sympathy. If I can be of any use to your Royal Highness by communicating the results of the experience here made for the benefit of your society, I shall be most ready to do so, as well as to send specimens of building materials, or anything of the same kind that may be of use to the society. With sincere wishes for its success, I am, your Royal Highness's faithful cousin, ALBERT. Osborne, Isle of Wight, Dec. 8 1851."

DESSERT SERVICE PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Amongst the choicest of the productions of the English manufacturers of porcelain displayed in the Crystal Palace was a Dessert Service made by Messrs. Herbert, Minton, and Co., and which was purchased by her Majesty, as a present to the Emperor of Austria, in return for the magnificent books and bookcase given by the Emperor to her Majesty.

In our two Engravings are grouped the chief ornamental pieces of the Service. In our Engraving No. 1 the centre-piece consists of a wine-cooler, with figures of hunters, dogs, and hunting symbols round the body of the cooler, and the cover is ornamented with bacchanalian figures. To the right is a jelly or cream stand, and behind it are seen portions of an *assiette montée*; and on the left is an oval fruit-dish, with groups of figures on the pedestal; and in front of the stand, on which we have placed the wine-cooler, to show its details more clearly, is a salt-cellar, of very elegant design.

In our second group, the tall piece in the centre is a flower-stand, supported by four beautifully-modelled figures representing the Four Seasons.

In front of it, to the right, is a small compotier, or fruit-dish; and on the left is a pretty sugar or cream bowl, supported by figures of boys. Slight ideas are also given of the plates which accompany the service. Throughout the service the figures are all of Parian, slightly gilded, and the baskets and ornamental parts of richly but delicately coloured china, a combination of materials at once novel and exquisitely beautiful. In finish and tasteful character of design this Dessert Service has perhaps, never been surpassed.

ANGLO-GERMAN NOBILITY.—"L'Almanach Imperial," for 1852 published at Vienna, has the following list of British subjects who hold (*relevant*) of the ancient Germanic or Holy Roman Empire:—Duke Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; naturalised in Great Britain 12th February, 1840. William Basil Fielding, Earl of Denbigh; said to descend from a branch of the Imperial House of Hapsburg; a Count of the Holy Empire, neither date nor patent extant. Henri Benedict Arundell, Baron Arundell de Wardour; a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1601. John Count de La Feld; naturalised in Austria; descends from the ancient Counts of the name in Alsace; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire after the battle of Zenta; date of patent 1697. George Spencer, Duke of Marlborough; his ancestor created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, by the title of Prince of Mendheim, in Suabia, after the battle of Blenheim; date of patent 1708. Jerome Count de Salm; naturalised in England; descends from the ancient Counts of that name in the Grisons; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1748. Peter Leopold Louis Cowper, Earl Cowper; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1768. Francis Taaffe, Viscount Taaffe in the kingdom of Ireland; naturalised in Austria; created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1784. Horace St. Paul (Baronetess). A Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1786.



DESSERT SERVICE PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

COUNTRY NEWS.

LAUNCH *SHIP* LAUNCHED AT THAMES. Today an iron steam-launch for the Facha of Egypt, 2300 tons, was launched from the building-yard of Messrs. Mare and Co., Orchard wharf, Blackwall. Her dimensions are—length 102 feet, 2 inches; breadth 22 feet; length of keel for tonnage, 268 feet; breadth of beam for tonnage, 22 feet; depth of hold, 12 feet 6 inches. She will be propelled by machinery of 800-horse power, by Maudslay, Field, and Co. She is procured for the following number of guns:—Spar-deck, 12 10-inch 64-pounders; main-deck, 12 10-inch 64-pounders; upper gun-deck, 12 10-inch 64-pounders; main-deck, 14 10-inch 32-pounders broadside, 6 10-inch 32-pounder pivot guns, 35 cwt.; main-deck, 14 10-inch 32-pounders broadside, 6 10-inch 32-pounder pivot guns, 35 cwt. In addition, she can be turned into the most powerful steamer afloat for war purposes. On her appearance on the water after the launch realised the most sanguine expectations, she was hailed by the throng of spectators on the river. The screw-steamer, built for the General Screw Steam Company, who have chartered her for the mails to the Cape of Good Hope. Her dimensions are—length between the perpendiculars, 102 feet; length of keel for tonnage, 216 feet; 64 in.; breadth, 22 feet; depth in hold, 35 feet; depth of hold, 12 feet 6 inches; draught of water, 19 feet. Her engines are of 300-horse power, and she is armed with 20 12-pound broadside guns (56 cwt.) and 3 10-inch 32-pound pivot guns. She is fitted with a 100-ton anchor, and a 100-ton screw, of a ship called the *Challenger*, designed to compete with the *Albatross*. Mr. Mare gave a dinner to the directors of the great steam company, and the guests were entertained at the Tavern in the evening, including Mr. Hakroo Currie, M. P., Mr. Fox, M. P., Col. Lauder, and Mr. Glyn. The guests were addressed by Captain Mangro, on behalf of the Royal Mail Company, regarding that the intentions of the Admiralty compelled them to construct wooden vessels. He said that the Admiralty had been very kind in contributing to their list of iron vessels on vessels constructed of iron.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean daily reading of the barometer was above 30 inches on every day of the week except Saturday. On Sunday it was 30 3/8 inches, on Monday 30 30/100 inches, and it gradually declined till Saturday, when it was 29 94/100 inches. The mean of the week was 30 15/100 inches. The mean temperature of the week was 41° 5 degrees, which is not the average of corresponding days of the week, but the average of the days of the week. Thus, the average of the days of the week was 36 degrees on Thursday (or 4 degrees below the average); it rose in the week to 47 degrees, 47 degrees, and 49 degrees, and 9 degrees above the average. The wind was calm during the early part of the week, and in the south towards the end.

ANOTHER COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—An explosion occurred at one of the collieries in the neighbourhood of Wigan, on Monday morning, by which no less than thirteen colliers lost their lives. It was known by the name of the Arley Mine, and is situated near the Hagen station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. It is about 800 yards deep, and employs nearly 1,000 men. At about half-past five o'clock on Monday morning, about five o'clock in the morning, and had, most of them, reached the bottom of the shaft in the various levels soon after half-past five o'clock. At six o'clock the sound of a fatal explosion in the mine was heard, and preparations were at once made for the rescue of the men who were at the bottom of the shaft. At first the workmen and boys presented themselves at the bottom of the shaft (to be drawn up) in such numbers that it was hoped but few, if any, had perished, though the density in which the choke was known to have occurred suggested the possibility of the occurrence of a serious and extensive nature. From the north-west workings the whole of the colours and drawers were lifted up the shaft, having received no injury from the explosion. The pillars, which are of great extent, and stretch for some distance from the shaft, were about 50 yards in diameter, and were those in which the explosion had occurred, and, as only a few boys presented themselves who had escaped from there, a search was found necessary. This occasioned the men to be drawn up the shaft, and the attempt to restore the ventilation impeded by the explosion, and resulted in the men being drawn from the distant portions of the workings, all more or less burnt and totally deprived of life. Of the immediate cause of the explosion little is known, and the only persons who have been punished who could have thrown any light upon the shocking catastrophe.

On the 5th inst., at Nottingham, Mary Keverall, aged 15, daughter of Mr. Eve.
 Julia, Puck-land.—On the 19th inst., J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—On the 20th inst.,
 Rochester, Bart., of Arlington-court, Devon, aged 67.—On the 19th inst., Maria Frou-
 de, daughter of the Rev John Babington, of Coleshill, Leicestershire.—On the 16th inst.,
 a Beconton Rectory, Salisbury, Anna Maria, the beloved wife of the Rev W. F. Pigott, and
 daughter of the late Lord Henry Pembroke, aged 24.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN PARIS.—(SEE PAGE 762.)



APPLICATION FOR VOTING TICKETS AT THE MAIRIE



TAKING THE VOTES.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



VOL. XIX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

[GRATIS.]

GYPSEY EXPERIENCES. BY A ROUMANY REI.

CHAPTER III.—MY FIRST AND LAST GYPSY HUNT.

I STOOD where Sini had taken leave of me, and watched the caravan till her bright shawl disappeared round a turn of the green lane. I flattered myself she looked round just before she vanished. And then, when the lane was still and lonely again, I turned my face towards Cambridge. "The King's Hedges," I have said, end abruptly in the fields, from which the road is

divided by a low quickset fence. I was making a gap in it large enough to let me through, when I was pulled up by a gruff voice, which exclaimed in the true nasal *twang* of Cambridgeshire—"Neow then, where are yeou a geowing teow?" It was the farmer, who didn't relish my unceremonious way of dealing with his young quickset. I explained, as satisfactorily as I could, that as it was obvious I must get out of the lane, it was perfectly clear I must trespass on his enclosures. He tried to set me right on that point, by recommending that I should go round by the Linton-road—an addition of some three miles to my walk—which, as the sun had now set, I had no inclination for. However, by dint of discussion, we became better friends, strange to say; and

at last our reconciliation was so complete, that he showed me round to a gate which led into his homestead, and thence guided me, without interfering with his fences, or trampling down his young wheat, to the high road. I told him of my Gypsy encamping place for these people; that he had nothing to complain of from them, and that if they stole fowls and ducks, and killed sheep, it certainly was not in the neighbourhood of the camps, where suspicion was sure to fall upon them, and where the discovery of a cock's feather or a duck's foot would certainly be proof enough, in the eyes of a couple of county magistrates sitting in petty sessions, to justify a summary committal of the



"I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER—I RAN TO THE SCENE OF CONFLICT. ALL WAS OVER—KEANE AND HIS BRAVE ARMY HAD ACHIEVED A COMPLETE VICTORY."—DRAWN BY F. W. TOPHAM.

gang as rogues and vagabonds. We parted company at the road. I proceeded quietly to college, supped, slept, and dreamt I was making wonderful progress in Roumany under the tuition of Sini. Two days after, however, I had ceased to think much about Gypsies, being by that time deep in preparation for our annual college examination, which was close at hand, and with the importance of which I was duly impressed, as a decent and sober freshman ought to be. On the third day, I was disturbed

in a struggle with Müller's Dorians, by a rap at my oak, which was sported as befitting the time and my great resolves. "I won't open," thought I. The knock was repeated, peremptorily. It was clearly some one determined to come in. I had no duns then, and few "rowing" acquaintance, so on the third summons I opened. The intruder was a stranger, a mild though determined-looking man, of middle age, quietly dressed, but with a sporting "something" in his style and manner which told me at once he was

neither a town touter for orders nor a Cambridge tradesman. He told me in a few words that he was a superintendent in the London detective police. That he had been ordered down from town in consequence of a robbery of sovereigns, to a large amount, from a farmer's wife in Huntingdonshire.

The robbery had been perpetrated by two young Gypsy women, and had not been discovered by the victim of it till the morning before my visitor's call upon me.

"I've not lost any time, sir," he told me, with a sort of quiet pride. "We seldom do. I've been looking up all the camps in these parts, and I think I'm on the right lay at last. But you must allow me to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly," I said.
"I've been told by Mr. — (my farmer of 'The King's Hedges'), that you were in company with some gypsies near his place on Wednesday, who decamped the same day."

"Yes."
"Do you know their names?"
"Smith — Furi Smith, Athaliah Smith his wife, and Sinf Smith, their niece."

He nodded. "Exactly; and two girls, called Florentia and Morella — strappers; one with a red and green tartan shawl, and a yellow handkerchief on her head; the other with a cloak, striped brown and green, and a blue and crimson handkerchief under a black beaver bonnet."

The description was exact.
Two such girls, I told him, had come up, just before I parted company with the family.

"And now, sir," he said, "try and tell me what time it was, as near as you can; what direction they came from, and what passed."

I told him, as exactly as I could, not forgetting the mysterious *Bori Hokani*, which had stuck in my memory.

He struck his hand on his knee as I repeated the words. "I thought so," he said, after a moment; "that's my lot, as sure as skittles. And there were no other men there, but this Furi?" he continued, after another short pause.

"None; nor did I hear them talk of any."

"In course not, sir," he said, with a half smile; "in course not. And now, sir," he added, with an apologetic look at my open books, "if you could give me an hour, sir, I should like you to go with me as far as that camping place."

I hesitated at this proposal. I confess; for it seemed a sort of treason to my Gypsy acquaintances.

As if he had read the motives of my hesitation, he went on, "The fact is, sir, I only want to be taken to the exact spot; or we shall have some work to find the *patran*."

"The *patran*?" I said, interrogatively.

"Ah, I forget you ain't up to their games, sir. The *patran*, sir, is the Gypsies' way of letting their friends know which road they've taken. There were two men belonging to that camp, sir, who hadn't come in when they started, and they are safe to have left 'em the *patran*. So if you could take a lift with us, sir —"

I confess I felt some curiosity to see how it would all end; and the prospect of a Gypsy-hunt was exciting. Besides, I had no intention of being in any way accessory to its denouement, beyond honestly telling all I had seen; and I fancied it might be better for Sinf that I should be on the spot, if the chase should end in a capture.

Accordingly I intimated to Mr. Keane my readiness to accompany him not only to "The King's Hedges," but as far as he liked to take me, — filled my cigar case and a pocket flask of cognac, — and proceeded in his company to the Bishop's Hostel gate, where his "trap" as he called it, was in waiting. This was a light but strong spring cart, with a very little mare between the shafts; and which, I found, was to carry, besides ourselves, two sergeants of the Cambridge police, who had been placed by the magistrates at Mr. Keane's orders, and who evidently looked up to their London brother with the greatest respect. We rattled off briskly for "The King's Hedges," and on the way Mr. Keane explained to me the mysteries of the "*Bori Hokani*," and the "*patran*," as follows —

"You see, sir, these here Gypsies are a rum set, and have their own dodges and larks, quite different from our London crackmen, or the yokels either. The men don't do much harm beyond making bad money, and such a little sheep-slaughtering, and a deal of horse-jockeying, and such like — nothing to speak of. It's the women that does the great stroke of business. They're uncommon knowin' at it, to be sure, and gets in with ignorant servant girls, and such like, and works the area-neck, under the stall (cover) of fortune telling, and love-charms, and such like. But of all their dodges, there's none they swag as much by as the *Bori Hokani*, as they call it in their patter — 'the great trick,' that means, as I'm told, sir; leastways it's a great trick, and it's the way they works it. They'll get round some old farmer's wife, sir, in an out-of-the-way place, when they knows there's money kept in the house — for there's many of them farmers as wouldn't trust the bank of England with a sovereign — and when the husband's out of the way, they sticks it into the poor ignorant woman, as how they can make money breed money, all along of a charm they've got. So they indooses the ignorant woman to let 'em put up her husband's sovereigns for her, which they does safe enough in a parcel, and gives it her, and makes her lock it up in a drawer, or a chest, or such like, and says some gibberish, and acts some games over it, and tells her that in such and such a time if she opens the parcel she'll find two sovereigns for one. But don't you see, sir, they had another parcel with 'em, made up just like the one they've packed the sovereigns in (and that's why they always puts it up themselves), filled with lead dumps, or such like, and by a fakedom — I beg your pardon, sir — a sleight-of-hand like, you know, they change the packet of sovereigns for the packet of lead fardens, in giving on 'em up to put into the box, and they walks their chalks with the tin; and when the old lady opens her box, and unfastens her parcel to look for her young canaries, you know, sir, she finds the blessed dumps, and precious aggravated she is, in course, and her husband too — for he's safe to find it out — and that's the *Bori Hokani*, sir; and those two limbs of girls as came up when you was at the camp, sir, they'd been all that identical day down near Alembury Hill, and they'd nailed nigh upon eighty pound at that game I've told you; and that's what I'm arter, as I said in your room, sir."

I anxiously inquired how far he supposed the rest of the tribe were implicated.

"The old 'uns is safe to be afore the facts in it," he said; "as for the others, we'll see when we nails 'em. Leastways, I shall grab the lot, I know," he concluded, with a pleasant look to his provincial associates, who agreed with him in this, as in everything.

By this time we had reached the scene of my first Gypsy loss, which had not promised so exciting a catastrophe. I pointed out every locality as exactly as I could. The detective listened as if he was riveting every word in his memory, with a thump of his determined will, and when I had concluded, thanked me, and said quietly: "Now for the *patran*," and he looked at his provincial assistants with a calm consciousness of superiority. It was evident they hadn't the remotest notion what the *patran* might be.

"Ah — I forgot; you ain't up to that. Look here — and you too, sir, if you like, for every pair of eyes is useful sometimes — the *patran* is the Gypsies' road-mark. They can track each other over all England by it. This is it — when they takes a turn right or left (and they goes uncommon queer roads to be sure) either they make a cross in the road-way, if it's a place where there ain't much traffic, and the ground suits, with their nailed shoes — not planting the marks, mind, close together, so that you'd see 'em with half an eye, but careless like, here and there: if it's a cross,

with the long end pointing the way they've took. But it ain't always that, by no means. Sometimes it's a branch broken down to an angle, and pointing to their road; sometimes it's a rag stuck on a bush at the corner they turn; sometimes a wisp of straw as you'd think had been caught up out of a farmer's cart passing with a load — but there's a knot in it that they know, and that I know (he said this with a chuckle), for I was put up to the game by an old chap as had been a Gypsy himself, leastways he is one still, but don't travel, for he's turned respectable, and does a putting-up job for us now and then. And now that you knows what the *patran* is," — he said to the provincials, with the same careless consciousness of mastery which marked all his communications with them, — "perhaps you'll just open both your eyes uncommonly wide, and help me to pick it out hereabouts."

"But," I suggested, "how do you know they have left one?"
"Ah! There was them girls' two brothers as hadn't come up when they started: they were safe to leave them 'the Roumany card'; that's what we calls it, you see, sir."

While he spoke he had guided us to the lane end; and now began a very exciting bit of *backwoodsmanship*. Keane quasted and cast about like a hound, now with his nose close to the ground, anon peering with all his eyes into the hedge, carefully avoiding any touch that could displace a twig or scatter a pendent straw. His companions, at a long distance, of course, followed his example as they best might. I was absorbed by the London detective, who worked like a bloodhound, while the provincials might have been turnspits. At last Keane "pointed." I can give no other name to the deed with which he suddenly stood transfixed. I hastened up and found him gazing intently at an insignificant looking bunch of grass that hung on a low bush of elder, some ten yards from the end of the lane, and which I should have certainly passed twenty times without noticing it, even after his description of the marks to be looked for. "That's it," he said, pointing to the bit of weed with the same noiseless chuckle which I had before observed was his expression of self-content. "Look here, my lads," he added to the admiring "yokels," who had now come up. "Now you'd say that was a bit of natural grass, that had been flung up there in hedging-work; but look here," and he knotted removing the bunch from its twig, he showed us three knots in it, the largest in the middle. That's a Roumany mark, that is; and they have taken this road; so on we goes again," he said merrily, as we remounted the spring-cart and rattled along the road, which, luckily for us, was straight for nearly a mile, with no turn that did not end in a farm-steading or a dung-heap.

"But how the deuce are you ever to come up with them," I asked, after we had trotted along for some minutes, "if it is to take you as long as every turn at that?"

"Ah! If they was continually a-running away from us that would be all very true; but don't you see, sir, when they've put forty mile or so between them and these parts, they'll take it easy, for they're a lazy sort, and don't like fast travelling, when they can help it, anyhow. It ain't often as they have one of us arter 'em, or they'd maybe not be so easy about distances."

"Will they travel at night?"

"Not arter the first night, sir; it don't suit 'em, and the *mokes* (dunkies) ain't equal to more than thirty mile a day, good going. I don't fancy, somehow, they're more nor sixty mile ahead of us, sir; and the mare has covered more nor that between light and dark many a time. To be sure, that *patran* is locked."

And so we jogged along, at a swinging trot of some eight miles an hour. Mr. Keane enlightening us as to the detective dodges, of which he had an apparently inexhaustible repository, which the provincial policemen drank in with a strong professional as well as personal relish.

We had by this time left the highway, and were on abominable cross country roads. Every now and then we pulled up at a divergence of tracks, sometimes coming to a puzzling place where three roads met. At every such point we made a rest for the *patran*, with more or less success as to time, but always recovering our clue before we left the spot. I had by this time got so interested in this novel kind of hunting, that I had quite forgotten my qualms of conscience, and picked out the *patran* more than once, eliciting a tempered commendation from Mr. Keane, which was enough to give me great value in the eyes of the provincial functionaries.

We had now been about six hours on the road; and as we had started at twelve, we could not look for more than two hours and a half, at most, of such light as we wanted.

The provincials had already turned the conversation, more than once, on the subject of supper and quarters for the night. But Mr. Keane did not condescend to notice these low material wants while there was business to be done and daylight to do by.

It might have been between seven and eight o'clock, and we had made stoppages included, some four-and-twenty miles — for our little mare's frequent rests enabled us to put the steam on, when we did get a bit of unbroken road that permitted it — when we pulled up at a place where not three, but five roads converged. Keane looked annoyed.

"Not an hour's light afore us," I heard him mutter; "and five of these blessed *droms* (roads) to choose from — 'owsomever,' and he swung out of the cart, and made his cast without more grumbling, assigning to each of us a road, and taking two to his own share.

We had worked for a quarter of an hour without success, when about ten o'clock, one of the "lead," as Mr. Keane called them, drew us in his direction. We fastened him on all fours, with his nose almost dandied among the reeds.

"There, Mr. Keane, sir," he said, in an excited manner. "There's the cross, sir."

There was the cross, sure enough, marked in the dust; and now the only point to determine was along which road pointed the long arm.

"D — the fellow," Keane blurted out, after a few minutes' careful observation. "If he hadn't been down among the tracks, and a rubbin' on 'em out all round, with his confounded 'ands and knees; and now, for all I can see, both arms is the same length!"

The unhappy local looked as if he would have fainted on the spot. Here was a dilemma, — two tracks to choose from, and night coming on.

Keane was down in the dust again, at a wary distance from the foot-prints, however, evidently working out the most complicated sums in mental arithmetic and mensuration. We watched him intently.

"By George, it is!" he cried out at last, after an anxious ten minutes, springing to his feet and slapping his thigh. Then, seizing me by the arm, he forced me down, almost on to my nose, exclaiming, — "Look 'ere, sir, — there's nails, eh?" He clearly did not any appeal to the local after this performance of one of them.

I ventured the opinion that they certainly were nails, but that I could not say they belonged to any horse.

He nodded, after his fashion. "You'd excuse me, sir, but don't you see they've square 'eads, and are only four of a row."

I looked closely, and verified the fact.

"That's a Gypsy shoe, sir; they have their own makers, and their own ways of planting their nails. Bless you, it's another of their dodges. There's never a cold would think he was 'alfsprigged with four nails in a row. But the Gypsies wants a light shoe, as well as a strong shoe, and never carries more, and always square 'eads. That there's a Gypsy shoe-sole, sir, and this here's our road."

Although I felt his argument might be contested, there was that quiet conviction in his tone which always carries the day; and there was not a doubt or dissenting murmur among us — none audible at least — as we remounted the cart, and "sprung" the lively little mare down the rough road in a style that did equal credit to her and the cart springs.

By this time the night was gathering in, and it was evident to me that our tracking could not be carried on perfectly any longer. We clearly ought to be drawing near our quarters for the night. Yet I saw no public — nor indeed any signs of habitations. I was quite out of my latitude, and hadn't the least idea where we were. I ventured to ask Mr. Keane his opinion on this point, as we pitched along.

"Well, sir, we are in Hertfordshire, that's certain; and so far as I knows, somewhere between Old Hurst and Warboys."

"You know this country, then?"

"Well, sir; not to say know it, as I does Essex, and Middlesex, and that way; but I was down hereabout after them Mepal burglars, you know, sir, (I hadn't any notion what he alluded to, of course) — and I've a good eye for a country; and if we are where I fancies we are, you may make up your mind to camp out to-night, sir."

"Oh, I'm quite game for that," I said, rather rejoicing in the prospect, for the fun of the thing.

"But holla! what's this?" said my companion, as the mare, turning a sharp corner, came to a dead stop before a stout gate.

Keane jumped down, flinging me the reins, and ran to the gate. "Well, I am blessed!" he ejaculated in a tone of deep disgust, after taking his observation. "Here's the road pulls up short — nowhere, like — it don't carry into that field."

"Then this wasn't the right line after all," exclaimed, with considerable satisfaction, the unhappy "local," who had made, and marred, our last *patran* discovery.

Keane turned sharp round and looked about him, as if about to speak, but checked himself; and proceeded again to the gate.

An old and ragged black-thorn grew out of the hedge close to it.

Suddenly, and before I was aware of his intention, I saw Keane on the gate, plucking something from one of the lower branches of the thorn — it was now too dark to discern what. In a moment he was at my side.

"Look here, sir," he said, holding up a little fragment of stuff; "what d'ye make of that?" Looking more closely, I saw it was a bit of silk of a yellow and crimson pattern — a light flashed upon me — it was a tatter of my own *cushgar poshniker* — of the blazing bandanna I had presented three days before to Sinf!

And now arose a struggle of conscience — ought I to tell Keane what I knew of it, or not?

The doubt was momentary — I told him.

He gave his quiet chuckle, and said, "Well, now, I was a thinking something of the sort, sir."

Then turning to the luckless "local," he added, "So you see, mister, I was right after all." He then opened the gate, and led the way through.

Beyond the gate lay, not a field, as we thought, but a common.

Keane did not remount, but stood with his elbow on the mare's reeking flanks, "ciphering," as a Yankee would say.

After a few minutes he came up to me and said, "It ain't no use going on in the dark, sir, with our work; so we may as well look out for a sheltered spot; tilt the cart, let the mare graze, and make ourselves comfortable."

There was nothing very formidable in a night out in the merry month of May, though the common was rather a bleak bed-room.

"We'll find shelter from the wind to the lee of some of them there bushes," said Keane, as he walked forward a few steps to reconnoitre the ground. He ascended, for this purpose, a small eminence a few yards in front of the cart. All of a sudden I saw him stop short, and gaze long and steadily into the waste. He then came back to the cart, and said in a voice that, for the first time that day, betrayed excitement, "By God, sir, I believe we're close upon 'em!"

I jumped up in the cart, and so did the "locals."

"Be quiet," he said, peremptorily. "I don't know, but there's a fire down yonder," pointing towards a straggling thicket of thorn that fringed a broken hedge, about two hundred yards in front of us. "I smell wood-smoke."

The wind set from that quarter, and I thought I smelt it too.

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"Why, first, we'll stalk 'em, sir," he said, renewing his old tone; "and if they're our lot, we've got 'em as safe as dardies can make it."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. Here, back the cart into the lane again, and keep close — all of you — till I come back."

We obeyed his orders, and then I saw him, bent double, creep forward till the gathering dark swallowed him up.

The ten minutes he was absent seemed an hour.

"It's them; by George it's them!" he whispered, almost hoarsely, as he came back to us, in the same cautious fashion in which he had left us. "And the two lads are with them, and they're playing cards over their fire."

"Let's go in on 'em at once," said one of the "locals."

Keane winked quietly.

"Not if I knows it, mister; weazels and Gypsies always are best catched asleep. Let them get under the blankets first. And now, as we know where we are, let's make ourselves snug, as he spoke, he lugged some horse-cloths and rugs from under the cart-ends, and distributed them to us, while he set about carefully rubbing down the gallant little mare, and gave her her supper out of a nose-bag.

This operation over, he addressed himself to our comforts. Bread and cheese were not wanting, nor a gallon stone-bottle of beer. One luxury he positively prohibited, — a cigar, — for, as he jocosely observed, "The wind may change in a jiffy, and blow the smoke and us both to them gents," and he jerked his chin in the direction of the Gypsy camp.

It was useless trying to sleep. I had no intention of taking part in the actual capture, but I listened with interest as Keane detailed his plan of attack to his local adjutants. They were all three armed with pistols, besides their staves; but Keane was most positive in his injunctions to the provincials not to use anything more deadly than oak, unless they found it absolutely necessary in self-defence.

The night wore on slowly. Keane crept away from time to time to reconnoitre, but my Roumany friends kept it up unusually late that night, secure in their escape, and exulting in their booty.

At last, just as grey dawn began to glimmer in the east, and I was beginning to doze, (the locals had been snoring for two hours,) Keane came up: I sat up as he approached.

"All quiet, now sir," he said. "Their fire's black out, and in half an hour I mean to go in on 'em. I wish, though, they hadn't them dogs—I don't think I care for a tussle, sir,—but it may set those Gypsy chaps a resisting of us, and then mischief may come, yur know, sir."

At the end of the time he had mentioned, he woke the heavy-headed "locals," and I watched them with intense interest as they looked to the thongs of their staves, and put fresh caps on their pistols.

As they started, I felt a sort of shame at sitting out, reluctant as I was to appear to my late entertainers in a light which must give them suspicions of my fair faith.

Keane interpreted the expression of my face, and said firmly, and quietly, "You'll be good enough to leave this business to us, sir. We understand it—and we're more than a match for them, women and all."

So I accepted the ignominious part of a watcher, instead of the more exciting one of an actor; and with intense excitement watched them steal quietly forward under cover of the bushes, and broken ground, till the hedge of which I have spoken hid them from my view; and when I could not see, I listened. For a few minutes all was silence, made tenfold deeper by the hush of the early May morning.

And then came a quick sharp yelp of a terrier, and then a furious barking; and then a wild hubbub—a confused shrieking of women, and cursing and tramping of men in fierce struggle, and then—one shot!—and then again silence!

I could stand it no longer—I ran to the scene of conflict. All was over—Keane and his brave army had achieved a complete victory, if not quite a bloodless one.

Panting, gory, dishevelled, half-dressed, as disturbed suddenly from sleep, Euri, and the two Gypsy lads were sitting on the ground, handcuffed; and in the same ignominious plight—minus the blood—Athaliah, her two daughters,—and, alas the day!—my pretty Sinli.

Keane was wiping his forehead with a cotton handkerchief, while one of the locals was binding up a broken head, which his comrade had received in the *malée*. The faithful bandy-legged yellow terrier had perished.

PARALLEL RIVERS.

A CLEAR, sweet stream, reflecting heaven,—
As angels' eyes, their God,—
Came babbling from the earth, to leaven
Its pure flow with the soil.

dimpled babe, serene, and white,
As desert moorland snow,
Came warm from God; and first at night,
Earth mingled with its flow.

The stream danced on through vale and mead,
Still on its bosom bore
The blue of heaven: mayhap, a reed
Was shadowed from its shore.

The child's round feet, on fragrant flowers
First learned to cling to earth,
While its clear laughter told for hours,
The glory of its birth.

The stream grew big,—tempestuous floods
Gave volume to its tide;
Its darkened passage through the woods
Was earthy and was wide.

The babe was now a stripling grown,
A shade was o'er his brow;
The music of his voice was flown,
His glance was turned below.

Yet something of the child was there,—
The pure intent,—the hope;
The glance to heaven,—the scorn of care—
But still the galling rope.

Some sunshine shot athwart the tide,—
The tide laved valley-farms;
A gentle stream crept to its side,
A stream of crystal charms.

The boy, sad, strolling on his way,
Bruised flower-stains on his feet;
Soon met a maiden in her May,—
A maiden coy and sweet.

The mingled rivers passed along,
Through darkness as through light;
While from them, rivulets, in song,
Ran babbling, blithe, and bright.

The man and wife, now hand in hand,
In life-long union rove;
And Time lets fall his numbered sand,
As children bless their love.

Through frowning caves, and wastes rock-bound,
The mingled rivers run;
And though their bed is on the ground,
Their bosom's to the sun.

The parents feel the iron chains,
That bind their feet to earth;
Yet brightly look to rainbow rains,
And trust diviner birth.

With heaving breast and tainted tides,
The rivers roll to sea;
The sea that purifies its brides,
Sets earthy streamlets free.

Parental earths to earth return,—
The worm reclaims his sod;
When fires divine are raised, to burn
About the throne of God.

W. D. J.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

CERTAIN superstitions are like worms; you may cut them to pieces and they will gather their parts once more together, and amalgamate into a perfect whole. We happen to be acquainted with a select company of elderly ladies, whose opinions, on most questions, are shrewd and sagacious enough. But they still adhere to certain time-honoured superstitions which we have failed to destroy privately, so that it only remains to expose them publicly. We joined this elderly company at dinner on one occasion. The party consisted of an original selection of people, and our incredulity being matter of general gossip, we were received rather coldly. We were regarded as a person not altogether safe out of a strait-jacket, and there was a mixture of pity with the coldness we experienced from the old ladies. However, we endured the frigidity both of the guests and the viands prepared for us, with some show of equanimity. It did not escape us that as the dinner was proceeding with, we were the object of special attention; an old lady, in particular, (who wore a brooch in which the hair of her deceased tabby was most artistically arranged) frowned frightfully upon us. We felt that a storm was gathering about us, and soon it burst in the following fashion.

First Old Lady.—"So, sir, you think yourself very strong-minded to speak contemptuously of lucky and unlucky days, and all that sort of thing; but, pray, can you tell me what this means? Last April twelve rats scamped all about my house,—I saw them, sir, with my own eyes—and three weeks afterwards my poor dear sister died."

The old lady looked at us so severely, that we were puzzled and abashed; but, presently, regaining confidence, we ventured to assert that by no possibility could the rats have known three weeks before-hand that the sister of the lady into whose house they had intruded, was so near the grave. "It is more than probable," we added, addressing our severe questioner, "that you had been supping off toasted cheese on the evening of the rats' visit, or that you had received a new supply of candles into your larder." This suggestion was met with an universal expression of dissent and horror by the company, my respected relative included.

Second Old Lady.—"Perhaps, then, sir, your heretical creed goes so far as to deny that anything can be read in the grounds of a cup of coffee?" Here the company, generally, nodded approval to the astute questioner:—at last, thought all, the sceptic is brought to bay. But they were wrong; our hardihood increased with the heat of the argument. We ventured to give it as our opinion that the serenity and storms written in the grounds of a coffee-cup depended rather upon the kind of coffee-pot used, than upon any more mysterious agency; and we advised those of the party who put any faith in this distribution of sediment, to use a well-contrived percolator, and they would always behold the brightest fate written at the bottom of their prophetic cups. Here there was a pause in the controversy; our opinions were contemplated with silent horror. Presently an old gentleman, with a bald, benevolent head, leant across the table, and, addressing us in a deep bass voice, said:—

"Now, sir, I beg you will listen with particular attention to something that occurred to myself—to me, sir," he repeated, emphasising his words, and tapping his shirt-frill with his forefinger. "I was at Brighton about this time last year. Well, one Sunday I occupied myself after breakfast paring my finger-nails; on the morrow I returned to town, and heard that my mother had died at the precise moment in which I was engaged upon my fingers."

"Dear me!" all the ladies exclaimed—their faces expressing the most unqualified astonishment.

"Now, sir," the old gentleman continued, with his most impressive manner, "wouldn't you say that I was flying in the face of Destiny if I were to presume to pare my nails again on a Sunday morning? I ask you that."

Still we were not cured of our scepticism; we could not allow that the old gentleman's mother had received her notice to quit for the sole purpose of warning her reckless son against, the

This being so, we informed the determined believer, that it would be throwing away time to argue the matter with her.

At this point of the controversy the servants entered to clear the table, our relative, and hostess, instantly addressed her favourite maid, saying:—"Martha, did I not tell you this morning, when my corns were shooting, that it would rain before night?"

Martha replied in the affirmative.

"There!" our relative added, addressing us with a triumphant and patronising air, "now look out of window:—it pours in torrents."

We remarked in reply that it had been very cloudy all day: that the glass had been falling for the last four-and-twenty hours; and that we ourselves, though cornless, had anticipated a wet evening. Here the favourite servant, Martha, who, from long and faithful service had become a privileged person in our relative's establishment, ventured to inform the company that "when a lady's nose itches, she is either going to be vexed, or kissed by a fool;" and she could cite many instances of the infallibility of the prophecy. But our relative, who is of a serious turn, stopped her domestic, and warned her that it was not seemly to talk about kissing before company. The attention of the table at this moment was drawn to a stout lady, whom we had noticed, more than once before, as a person evidently intent upon making the most of the good things of life. She was seen gasping very seriously.

"Pray what is the matter, my dear madam?" was the general inquiry.

"Somebody is walking over my grave," was the answer; and, in explanation, we were informed that when a cold tremor passes through the frame, it is an undoubted sign that some unholy person was walking over one's grave. There was no controverting this superstition; on neither side could contradictory facts be adduced for a long time; at length, we asked whether any of the people who had been drowned had ever experienced this shudder, and, if so, how it was possible for any person to be walking the broad Atlantic, for instance? We were rebuked very gravely by the old gentleman whose nail-paring had brought his maternal parent to an untimely grave, with the suggestion that hundreds of people might be walking over the spot—on board a ship! This remark was received by the company with huge approbation, and the ladies began to pity our benighted sceptical state of mind; some vowed that they would not be us "for all they could think of," while others could not imagine "where we expected to go." Our silence emboldened those who had hitherto refrained from joining in the controversy. One old lady declared solemnly that she always knew when people were talking about her, by an itching sensation in her ear: another always wished when she saw a falling star, and believed that she had her wish. We remarked to the latter lady that, in this case, she must be a person of enormous possessions; in reply, we were informed that she always made it a rule of keeping her private concerns to herself.

We were subsequently informed that it is very generally known throughout Norfolk, that no person who is married in the month of May can have any family;—that when an individual's elbow itches he may expect to change his bedfellow;—and that on no account should anybody receive a knife, or a pair of scissors, without returning to the donor a penny as the nominal value of the gift. We were overwhelmed with a mass of evidence, of a most conclusive nature, in support of these various mysteries. Nothing less than a substantial blue-book would suffice to record the astounding facts to which we listened. Not one domestic article of furniture was without its use as a telegraph from the shades; every ordinary sensation, every daily event, had its dark and fearful meaning. Destiny spoke to the assembled company by tickling some, and meddling with the callosities of others. Crickets came to their hearths as messengers of fortune; cinders were, to them, gifted with the power of prophesying wealth or death.



THIRTEEN AT TABLE.—DRAWN BY W. McCONNELL.

practice of reducing his nails on a Sunday. But on this point we were not allowed to deliver our judgment, since no sooner had the old gentleman ceased speaking, than a little, spare, wrinkled lady, with a quick, grey, searching eye, and a voice not unlike the sharper notes of a flageolet, interposed, to inquire whether or not we believed that an angel's wing had touched Mr. B.'s shoulder when he broke that pause in the conversation to which we have alluded. "I was brought up to think so, at all events," the little lady added consequentially, "and I shall carry the belief to my grave, in spite of all new-fangled notions."

A scream of horror from our relative put an end to the entertainment; she had discovered the alarming fact that we were thirteen at table! This intelligence was received by the ladies as their death sentence, and by the old gentlemen with visible uneasiness; but all joined fervently in the hope that their good hostess was not the doomed party. A smile having been discovered on our face, at the tremendous announcement, more than one of the old ladies solemnly warned us to pause in our headstrong scepticism, and not to make too certain that we should not be the victim singled out.



WHO BRINGS THE BRIDE HOME?

THE WORDS BY MARK LEMON.

THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

Allegro.

O! where a - way, at

car - ly day, In thy best dou - blet, Si - mon Bray?" Quoth Si - mon, "Well, good

Mil - ler Fell, My er - rand I don't blush to tell, I'm off to bring my bride home! I'm off to bring my

bride home!" "And who's the maid?" the Mil - ler said, "With whom to - day your tryst is made?" Quoth

Si - mon, "Oh! you sure - ly know The Ful - ler's daugh - ter, Let - ty Snow! And she's the bride I bring home,

she's the bride I bring home, And she's the bride I bring home, And she's the

bride I bring home."

p *f* *cres.*

[See Page 783.]



mitted them. On these few occasions there was a rush of juveniles to try and get a peep through the opened door; but they were always repulsed by a terrible, strong-minded Butler, who kept guard on the mat, and allowed none to pass, treating with contempt all bribes and overtures, and not to be enticed from his post of trust even when one of the youngest and prettiest little girls promised, in the most unblushing way, to marry him off-hand, if he would but let her go into the room only for one minute! And then, when, under these trying and tempting circumstances, the strong-minded Butler remained true to his post, the children, with shouts of defiance, would scamper round to the garden side of the house, to look through the French windows that opened on to the lawn, but only to find their blinds closely drawn down, and the mystery of the room still triumphant. So there the little Fir-tree, the centre and cause of all this mystery, remained all day, and the hours came and went, and the Christmas bells rang out their cheerful peal from the old grey Church-tower in the Park, proclaiming that He, who sanctified childhood by assuming its form, was, on that day, laid a helpless infant on the bosom of His Virgin Mother, in the manger at Bethlehem: and rustic voices, taking up the sacred theme, sang carol-songs, to which soft flutes breathed low response; and aged men and red-cloaked women tottered up and made their Christmas welcome, and sought the servants' hall for Christmas cheer; and the dark shades of evening spread over the sky, and the stars shone out brightly, one by one, upon the snowy landscape, and then, with the night, came the full joy and glory of the little Fir-tree.

How changed he was from yesterday, when he was growing close to his crooked-backed cousin in the small plantation! Not even his own brother would have known him, could he have seen the little Fir-tree now! Lights blazed all about him. On his head, on his arms, on his sides, and even in a double circle round about his legs—there were nothing but lights! If he had had a bad fever, and been light-headed, and broken out all into an eruption of tapers, he couldn't have been worse! There they were, on all sides of him, and in all colours: red tapers, blue tapers, yellow tapers, green tapers, white tapers,—all sorts of tapers! Nothing but tapers! blazing away, regardless of wax, in a perfect illumination, and throwing their light on the most

beautiful trinkets and toys that the hand of man had ever contrived, or the heart of a child imagined. These were hung on every branch of the little Fir-tree, and made quite a brilliant display with their varied shapes and colours. There were little pocket-books and souvenirs, with worked sides to them; and bon-bons in elaborate wrappings; and small ballet-girls, and sailors, and soldiers, and sweeps, in proper costumes; and

perfect works of art; and hollow India-rubber balls, which irresistibly invited the attacks of pins; and juvenile dolls attired in the extreme of fashion; and flocks of geese, and troops of tin soldiers, that advanced and retired on ingenious Vandycked platforms, and poodle-dogs with swan's-down fur and glass eyes, from whom, when pressed, there came unheard-of barks; and, above all, at the very top of the tree, a figure of Victory, standing on one leg, and waving two flags.

And when the little Fir-tree looked in the large mirror, and saw all this blaze of splendour, and the tapers, and the toys, and the trinkets, and when he gazed on the bright faces of the rosy children, and watched their joyous delight when the numbered tickets they had drawn from mamma's lucky-bag, turned up prizes, and they held up their winnings in triumph, and thought no toys were ever made like them,—and when he saw the hearts of young and old linked together with the holy bond of love and friendship with which that season ever enchains its worshippers, then the little Fir-tree thought, that if Christmas has power to raise such pure and heavenly feelings, it must be a festival whose origin was from Heaven itself.

And when the little Fir-tree thought of that, he put away all his pride of heart, and all his unkind thoughts towards his crooked-backed cousin, and determined that if his life was spared, he would henceforward grow up a better tree.

And when all the gifts had been distributed, and the wax-tapers had burned low, then, with a great triumphal procession from the children, the little Fir-tree was conducted out of the drawing-room. And all that night it brooded on the good and kindly thoughts which the scenes of that Christmas evening had called forth; and the next day came Thomas, the gardener, and he took it back again to the small plantation from whence he had brought it, and put it once more in its old place. And all its brothers and cousins wondered when they saw it again, and they said, "Brother! where have you been since the stars shone twice upon us? Tell us!" So then the little Fir-tree told them of all that he had seen, and all the love and happiness that had shone around him, as a Christmas-tree, and he said to his crooked-backed cousin, "Cousin! let us live in peace; for to all the works of Creation this season brought Peace on earth, and a Prince at Whose Presence even 'the trees of the wood may rejoice.'" CUTHBERT BEEDE, R.A.



"SO THE LITTLE FIR-TREE WENT OFF IN ITS WHEELBARROW, AND TRIED TO SIT IN IT WITH A JAUNTY AIR, AS IF IT WAS ONLY BEING TAKEN FOR A PLEASANT AIRING." DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

mother-o'-pearl paper-knives, and even silver fruit-knives; and pencil-cases, and jack-jumpers; and glass pens, and feather pens; and miniature books; and comic pictures, and pretty sketches; and tombolas; and gorgeous toy-watches and gold chains; and Noah's Arks, with all the animals two and two, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives, with a strong family resemblance to Noah; and monkeys that were painfully pushed over sticks; and butterfly pen-wipers; and nuts wrapped in elaborate envelopes of paper, that cruelly crushed the hopes they gave rise to; and silk purses and pincushions; and models in sugar that were

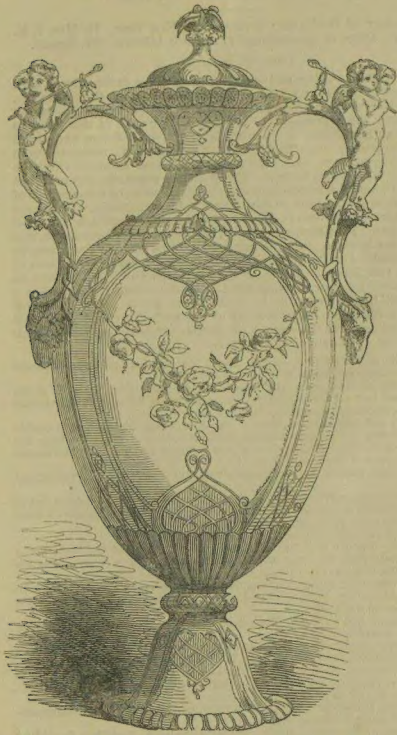
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"THEY WERE ALWAYS REPULSED BY A TERRIBLE, STRONG-MINDED BUTLER, WHO KEPT GUARD ON THE MAT, AND ALLOWED NONE TO PASS."—DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION:

acter, of which that before us is a pleasing specimen. It is a centre-piece, or candelabrum, in bronze, of very elegant design; the base containing medallions emblematic of poetry, philosophy, and music, and surmounted by figures in parian, by Minton, of art, science, and industry.

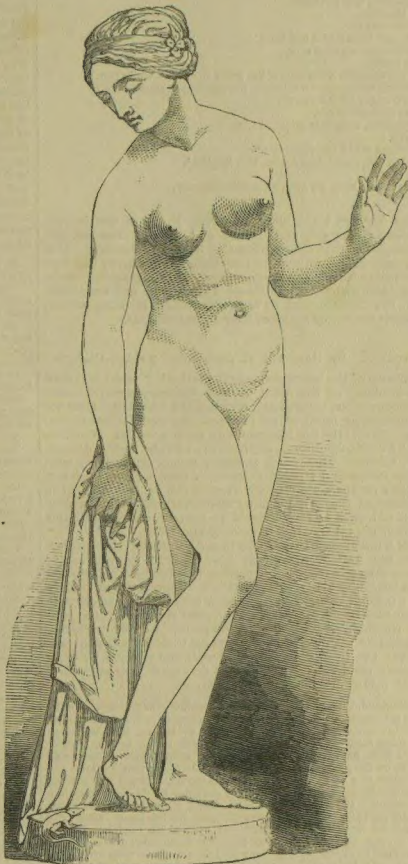


VASE.—BY MESSRS. MINTON AND CO. THE HANDLES IN ELECTRO-SILVER.—BY MESSRS. ELKINGTON.

Messrs. Minton, amongst other articles showing the progress of ceramic manufactures under modern producers, exhibited a large collection of vases, formed and coloured after old Sèvres models, but with new decorations after the old Sèvres style. In these the beautiful colours *bleu du Roi*, *mazarine*, and *Sèvres green* are introduced, as well as decorations in gilding, turquoise, &c.; the festoons of flowers and perforated chain handles are admirably executed. In the vase before us, which is a very choice and elegant specimen, the handles are in electro-silver, by Elkingtons. It has been purchased by Prince Albert.

BRONZE CENTRE-PIECE. BY R. W. WINFIELD.

Besides articles of more general utility, as stair-rod, brass bedsteads, &c., Mr. Winfield exhibited some productions of a purely decorative cha-



THE STARTLED NYMPH.—BY W. BEHNES.

We have already in our articles on sculpture borne testimony to the merit of this performance. The Nymph, startled at the apparition of a lizard at her feet, on her emerging from a bath *ad fresco*, betrays more of astonishment and curiosity than alarm, thus elevating rather than degrading the character of the principal subject. The treatment is simple and graceful, with no affectation of false modesty, the situation being one free from observation; the whole expression is full of innocence and nature.

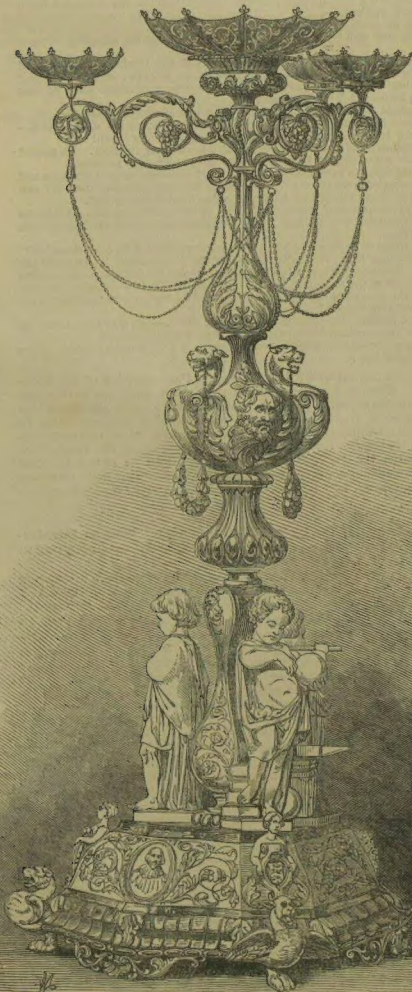


GROUP OF CHINA.—BY W. T. COPELAND.

Copeland, who has the honour of having taken the lead in the recent application of the ceramic manufactures to all purposes, presented a rich display in various styles—Grecian, Etruscan, Alhambresque, *Renaissance*, Gothic, &c.; abounding in every description of decorative appliance. The group we engrave comprises a magnificent Etruscan vase, standing on a pedestal forty inches high. The ornaments are in gold, chased and burnished, on a blue ground, decorated with floral wreaths enamelled in colours.

SILVER CENTRE-PIECE. BY FROMENT MEURICE.

This is a very magnificent production, in oxydised silver. It represents the four Seasons, standing on the globe, which is supported by Tritons. The sculpture and chasing are by M. Klagmann. The execution throughout is admirable. It was made for the Duc de Luynes.



CENTRE-PIECE, IN BRONZE.—BY R. W. WINFIELD, BIRMINGHAM.



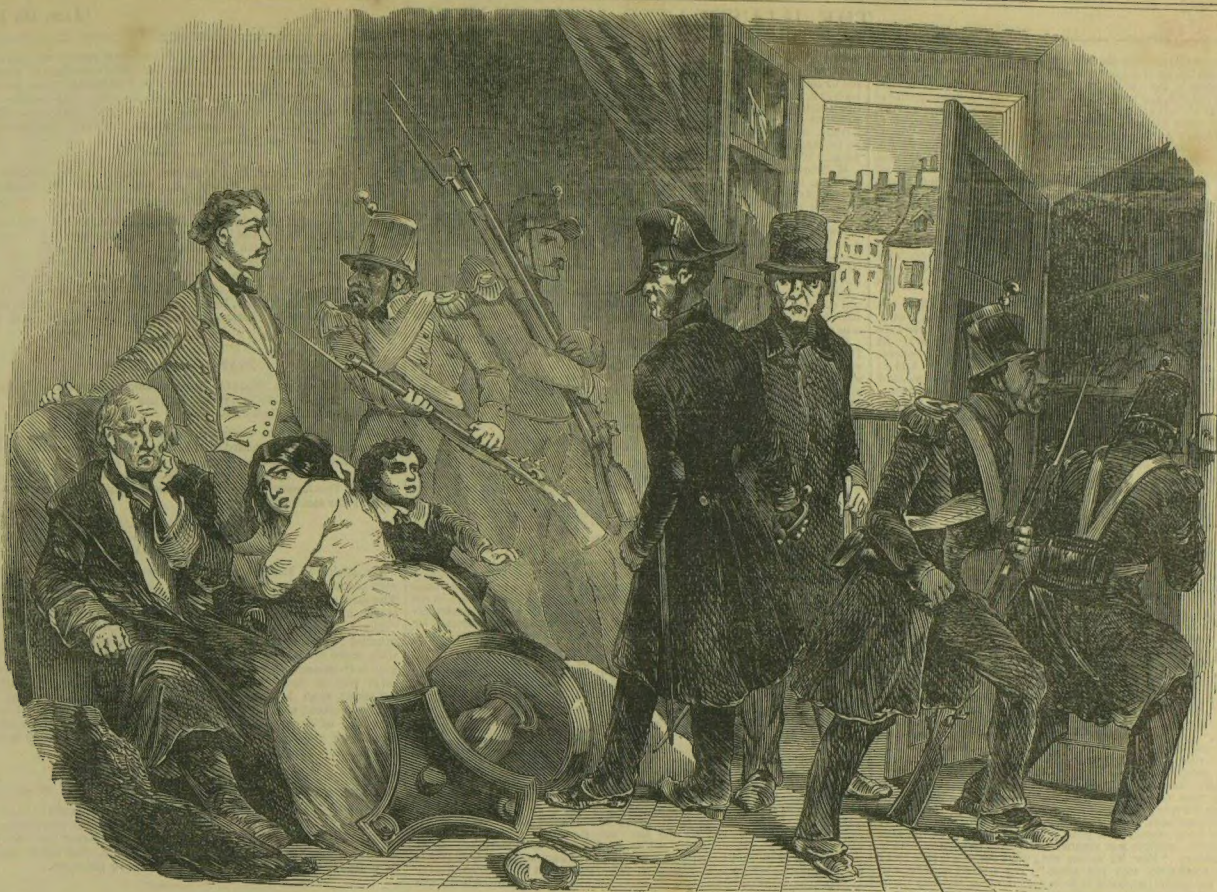
CENTRE-PIECE (THE SEASONS), IN OXYDISED SILVER.—BY FROMENT MEURICE.

THE LILY and the BEE. An Apologue of the Crystal Palace. By
SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Blackwood.

The moral of the whole occupies the following brief section:—

Marian Withers the daughter of this manufacturing genius. She is carefully educated at school, and in the course of time, gets introduced into a fashionable life. A week's experience of this makes her discontented with her present limited sphere of home. A gay young man, also, enters the scene, and by his attentions and flattery, succeeds in engaging her affections; and although her friends are alarmed, and endeavor to disenchant her. A revisit in the same scene does this effectually. Their artificiality, dissipation, and insincerity disgust her. Her friendly genius also comes to her aid in the shape of a Mr. Cunningham, a sensible, virtuous, and successful man, who takes an interest in her, and is able to show her the true value of her position, and her husband. There is also an episode of illicit affection between a lady Wollaston and Albert, the faithless swain of Marian, which is

This is a seasonable reprint of a very agreeable miscellany of *nouvellettes*, sketches of humour, and graceful outpourings of sentimental verse, the latter remarkably good. The general tone of the writer is cheerful and enoient; and, both in prose and verse, there is considerable dramatic spirit. Of a more lively turn than the "Annual" vein, the *mélange* before us is a more appropriate gift-book for seasons of good wishes like the present.



SEARCHING FOR ARMS.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE LATE COUP D'ETAT IN FRANCE.

"A complete and authentic Account of the Events of Dec., 1851," has been published in Paris by one of the principal editors of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Granier de Cassagnac.

This most curious and interesting contribution to the history of the present time has been compiled from police reports and authentic documents, and will be read with great avidity in every country, notwithstanding that it is disfigured by a violent attack upon the now defunct Assembly, who can no longer defend itself, and by vile calumnies upon public men, who can obtain no redress now that a free and unshackled press no longer exists in France, and every attempt at independent writing or speaking is at once crushed by the janissaries of Louis Napoleon.

Passing by these base defects in this otherwise entertaining narrative, we commence with the fourth section.

It will be seen that many of the rumours which previously prevailed relative to the arrests of the Generals were unfounded.

In the middle of November (says M. de Cassagnac) the President yet remained

master of his actions; in a few months it would have been too late for him and for everybody else. He resolved to "save the country." Three men were the confidants of his idea—General de St. Arnaud, Minister at War; M. de Morny, representative of the people; and M. de Maupas, Prefect of Police. Louis Napoleon exposed to them the designs which he had formed, and asked for their concurrence. They all three promised it to him—M. de Morny for all the responsibility to encounter as Minister of the Interior, M. de St. Arnaud for the military operations, M. de Maupas for the action of the police.

During more than fifteen days these three men planned with the President all the details of this immense act, an act which is not equalled by the 18th Brumaire, either in difficulty, ability, or greatness. The most minute things were foreseen, concerted, detailed, prepared, with such marvellous secrecy, that the friends most to be depended upon, the agents most necessary, had not a suspicion of what was to be done before the final moment for action arrived.

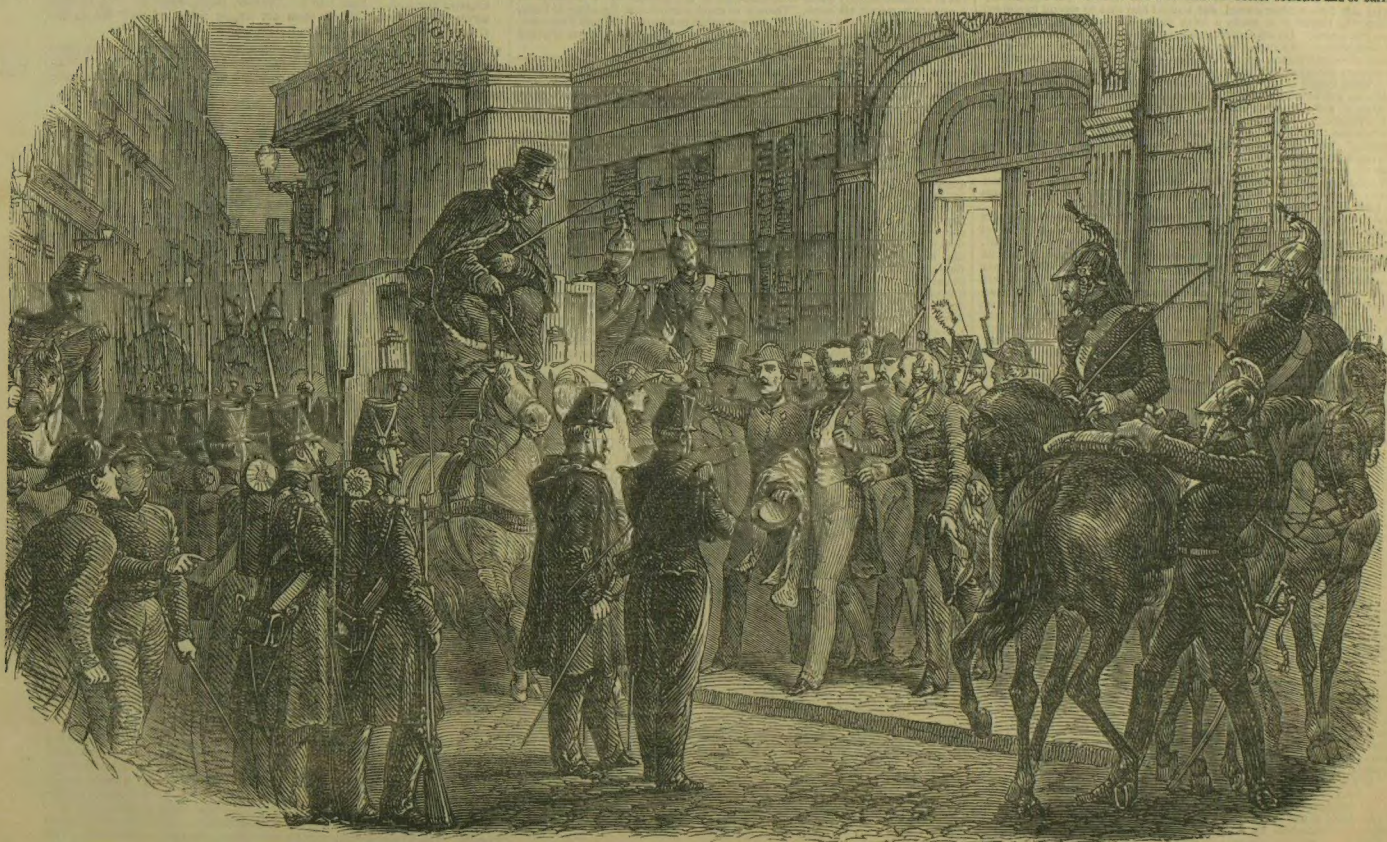
The simultaneousness of all the measures to be taken was evidently the first condition of success. The principal of those measures were four in number: the arrest of guilty or dangerous persons, the publication of the official proclamations, the occupation of the Palace of the National Assembly, and the distribution of troops upon all the points judged necessary. The hour of a quarter past six in the morning was fixed upon for the simultaneous execution of all these measures. It was necessary that the plan should not be divulged by anybody, or become known by piecemeal, but that it should burst forth at once in its entirety, and be at the same moment successful. At a quarter past six the arrests were

effected; at half-past six the troops were at their posts; at seven the decree for the dissolution and the proclamation were spread over the walls of Paris.

At half-past six M. de Morny took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, accompanied by 250 of the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, and remitted to M. de Thiers a letter, in which the President thanked him for his services, and informed him of the steps which he had taken.

M. de Beveillé, the President's orderly officer, was instructed to superintend the printing of the proclamations, and the compositors had been kept at the national printing-office for a special service. At eleven o'clock the director of the printing-office was sent for, and at midnight the establishment was surrounded by gendarmes; sentries were immediately placed at every door and window, and then, and not till then, did M. de Beveillé produce the documents which had been confided to him, the printing of which he superintended himself, and remained until their impression was completed, and then carried them to the Prefecture of Police.

The persons of whom the police were to render themselves masters were of two kinds—the representatives more or less mixed up with the absolute conspiracy, the chiefs of secret societies, and the commanders of barricades, always ready to execute the orders of the factions. Both had been for a fortnight under the surveillance of invisible agents of the police, and not one of these agents suspected the real object of his mission, having all received orders for imaginary purposes. The whole number of persons to be arrested was 78 of whom 18 were representatives, and 60 chiefs of secret societies and of barri-



ARREST OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

Mr. Brookley's dance compositions display in each case a blooming illustration of the American costume, lately agitating the metropolis. Brookley's grand national polka opens with a movement descriptive of the Royal entrance into Lancashire, with ringing of bells, and is followed by the polka, which merits its name of national, as the anthem is interwoven in two-four time. The polka is clever and characteristic. M. de Merey, the Hungarian refugee, has composed a pretty polka. The five-four time waltz is more ingenious than comfortable; this is approximating to the witkiden of Liszt, who, in reference to his waltzes, tempts at mixed times. The "Aureole," a piece marked "Without time, without measure," the "Aureole, or Wind Flower," the "Polka of Cleopatra," and the "May Polka," are of the average class in dance compositions.

almost every recognised metre being included. To aid persons